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THE ITALIAN FAMILY ROBINSON



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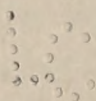
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TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS

WHO ENJOY TALES OF ADVENTURE, WHO KNOW THE VALUE
OF WISE COUNSEL AND EXAMPLE, WHO LOVE TO OBTAIN
KNOWLEDGE OF STRANGE AND DISTANT PARTS OF THE
WORLD, WHO APPRECIATE WHAT RESPECT AND OBEDI-
ENCE TO PARENTS AND ELDERS WILL BRING TO THEIR
FUTURE LIVES, THE AUTHORS WHO HAVE TRANS-
LATED AND ADAPTED *THE ITALIAN FAMILY ROBINSON*
DEDICATE THIS VOLUME. THEY TRUST THAT
THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO READ THE BOOK
WILL LEARN MANY USEFUL LESSONS
FROM IT, AND DERIVE AS MUCH
PLEASURE FROM ITS PAGES
AS WAS FELT IN PREPAR-
ING THE BOOK FOR
THEIR PERUSAL

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THE ITALIAN FAMILY ROBINSON

CHAPTER I

ON THE WAY TO AUSTRALIA

The *Tirreno*, a fine ship with a crew of twenty sailors and seven passengers, was overtaken on the high seas by a severe tempest. The storm had lasted six days and showed no signs of abating.

At the time our story opens, the wind, having driven the ship far out of its course, first to the south for three days and then for the next three days toward the east, was blowing with great force towards the north-east. No one, not even the captain, could tell upon what coast the ship was being driven. All the masts save one had been broken off, the ship was leaking in many places, and the sailors, worn out with work and constant watching, had almost given up hope.

The captain of the *Tirreno*, an expert officer and navigator who at critical moments took charge of the ship himself, was standing by the wheel, directing the sailors in their work. During a lull in the storm, he was joined by two men, one a youth of sixteen, the other an old and weather-beaten sailor. The long gray hair of the latter was blown about by the wind as his eyes vainly strove to pierce the darkness.

Just then an immense wave struck the vessel with gigantic force.

"Salvator, we are lost!" shouted the youth, grasping the old sailor by the arm.

"Do not be afraid, my boy," replied old Salvator, "our ship is still as firm as a rock. See how nobly she recovers from the shock of the wave!"

"Yes, yes, Salvator, I believe you. The *Tirreno* is a good ship, solid and well built, but nevertheless I should prefer to be on land safe from those terrible waves that seem bound to smash her into splinters."

"It certainly looks as if they might, my boy," said Salvator. "But let wind and wave do their worst. With a ship like the *Tirreno*, a commander like Captain Sturla, and our excellent crew, we can afford to defy the elements."

“But are not ships as strong as this and with as able crews sometimes wrecked?” inquired the youth.

“Our lives are in the hands of God,” answered Salvator gravely. “Good ships have been lost not only during violent storms, but even in good weather when the sailors felt perfectly safe. We have done everything possible to save the *Tirreno* from the fury of the waves. The rest is now in the hands of God.”

Just then the ship pitched so violently that Cyrus — for that was the youth’s name — was almost thrown to the deck.

“You had better join your mother in the cabin below, Cyrus. It is not safe for you to stay here longer. Take firm hold of the ropes,” Salvator added, as Cyrus turned to obey. “That’s right. Bravo! Be careful not to fall.”

Thanks to Salvator’s warnings, Cyrus reached the companion-way safely, after a dangerous trip across the deck, and disappeared below.

While the *Tirreno* continues to battle against the wind and the sea, let us get better acquainted with the old sailor.

Born on the Island of Sicily, Salvator at a very early age shipped as a cabin boy on board a three-masted sailing vessel. He had sailed

pretty much all around the world, now under one captain and now under another, before he reached the age when he was drafted into the army to do his military service. Having paid this debt to his country, he again went to sea, this time on board a merchant vessel. Wherever he sailed he was respected and loved by all who knew him, because of his sturdy honesty, his upright character, and his faithfulness to duty.

Shortly before our story begins, Salvator shipped on the *Tirreno*, where he occupied the post of boatswain, although his skill and experience were such that he was entirely competent to take full command of the ship. In fact, the captain frequently showed his appreciation of Salvator's ability by consulting him.

Salvator's mind was a perfect storehouse of knowledge and information, — the result of his practical training and his habit of observation. He could tell hundreds of stories, many so strange that they seemed incredible. But Salvator's respect for the truth was so well known that no one ever doubted his word, no matter how improbable it seemed.

To complete Salvator's good qualities, he was of a profoundly religious turn of mind; but,

while he followed the precepts of his religion faithfully, he was nevertheless entirely free from bigotry. He was absolutely confident at all times that Providence directed even the most trifling events of life.

Captain Sturla, in addition to being a good sailor and a skilful navigator, was a man of excellent character. He was liberal with kind words and of unfailing good humor. It was his pleasure to see smiling faces about him at all times. He was well liked by his sailors and highly esteemed by the passengers and others who knew him. He also enjoyed the confidence of his employers, the owners of the *Tirreno*.

Unfortunately, as much could not be said of Clermont, the second in command. This man, who did his duty faithfully and was cool and calm in the presence of danger, was noted for severity and for the violence of his temper. The passengers and even his fellow officers could barely tolerate him, while the crew detested him in their hearts, although they obeyed him. The captain, nevertheless, had full confidence in his ability, for Clermont was a thorough seaman. He could not, however, regard him with that affection which he was disposed to feel for all those with whom he came in contact.

Because of Clermont's bad temper, seven of the sailors deserted the ship at an English port. This meant that the twenty remaining men of the crew had to do not only their own work, but the work of the deserters. Unfortunately — as we shall soon see — Captain Sturla, fearing to lose time which was valuable to his employers, did not try to trace and bring back the deserters, thinking it wiser to continue the voyage short-handed.

On this particular trip there were only seven passengers, all members of one family.

Doctor Paul, the head of the family, was born in Milan, Italy. His father, a well-to-do merchant, educated him for the medical profession, but later called him to take an active part in his own business. When twenty-five years of age, Doctor Paul married a charming and beautiful young lady and, at the time our story begins, his family included four children.

Of these children Cyrus, the eldest, was barely sixteen years of age; the next, Giselda, was a sweet tempered and lovable girl of twelve; Junius, seven, was an impulsive, thoughtless, but generous boy; and Marie, the baby, was little more than a year old.

A young woman, Selena by name, accompanied

the family as nurse, not only for Marie, but for Madame Paul who at this time was in very poor health.

Some time after the Doctor's marriage his father had died suddenly, a misfortune that was undoubtedly hastened by business troubles, the existence of which he had carefully concealed. It appeared that several months before his death he had lost a large sum of money, through no fault of his own, but rather through the dishonesty of a firm in Sydney, Australia, with whom he had had large business dealings. Fearing that the news of such a serious loss would injure his credit in the business world, he kept his loss to himself, believing that he would soon be able to replace his business on a safe, if not on an extensive, footing. He told his troubles to no one, not even to his son, who was not taken into his confidence until much later.

After the death of his father, the news of the Australian loss was confirmed and Doctor Paul found himself in somewhat difficult circumstances. He felt bound in honor to settle his father's affairs, and although this was a long and troublesome task, he was finally able to pay his father's creditors in full. When everything was settled, he found himself in possession

of some twenty thousand *lire*, or about four thousand dollars.

Soon after this, he took his family to London, where he had some good friends and where he stayed for several weeks, uncertain as to the future, but determined not to return to Milan, where so many misfortunes had overtaken them.

While in London Doctor Paul received a letter from his uncle urging him to go to Australia. Although the letter gave no hope of recovering any money from the people who had cheated his father, the uncle kindly offered to receive Doctor Paul as a friend and business associate, and begged him to set out as soon as possible.

Doctor Paul arranged at once with the captain of the *Tirreno* — then about to sail for New South Wales — for passage for himself and family, and two days later the ship left England with all sails set, well freighted with all kinds of merchandise and with all the supplies needed for a long voyage.

Now that we have made the acquaintance of those on board the *Tirreno*, we shall go on with our story.

CHAPTER II

THE CREW ABANDON THE SHIP

The next morning, the long and violent storm just described ceased as suddenly as it had begun, being followed by several days of fine weather. Cyrus spent much of his time on deck, and all seemed in the best of spirits, save only Salvator, who, far from sharing in the general content, appeared to be very thoughtful and serious.

“Salvator, why are you so solemn?” asked the Captain, at last, tired of seeing his boatswain in so serious a frame of mind.

“I am not able to explain just what I feel, Captain,” was the answer. “But I do not like this continued calm. I think it is the forerunner of another storm, even more terrible than the one we have just escaped — and from which we have not yet recovered,” he added, pointing sadly to the battered deck.

Captain Sturla cast a look over the quarter deck, which was still littered with broken planks and tangled cordage, and then went into his

cabin. When he reappeared, a minute later, his face was as serious as his boatswain's.

"I am afraid you are right, Salvator," he said. "Never before have I seen the barometer fall so rapidly in so short a time. It looks as though we must again put ourselves on the defensive. The squall —"

"A squall! We shall have much more than a squall," exclaimed Salvator. "And we have not a moment to lose, if we are to be ready," he added.

In fact the preparations ordered by the Captain had scarcely been completed when the wind commenced to blow with great violence, lashing the sea into enormous waves which lifted the ship like a feather on their foamy crests.

In a short time, the *Tirreno* was again driven out of her course. The working of the ship became more and more difficult for the weary crew. The Captain's voice could scarcely be heard in the midst of the uproar caused by the fury of the wind and the waves that threatened to swamp the ship at any moment.

"What is your opinion, Salvator?" asked the Captain. "Do you think the storm will continue like this much longer?"

"For a long time yet, Captain," answered the

old sailor. "But we have more to fear from the sky than from the ——"

The sturdy old sailor did not have time to finish. His sentence was cut short by a blinding flash of lightning, accompanied by a crash of thunder that shook the vessel from stem to stern. The one remaining mast had been struck and had fallen, encumbering the entire deck, and a few minutes later a column of flame burst from the wreckage.

All was now confusion and fright on board. The sailors stationed at the wheel, half suffocated by the smoke, dazed by the now continuous lightning, and nearly deafened by the crashes of thunder, were as white as death. Before long, they deserted their post in a panic and the vessel, left to itself, lurched wildly about, while immense waves washed the deck, entering the hold through the hatchways. The fire, however, soon died out. The heavy seas had at least done that one good service to the *Tirreno*!

The captain ordered all the sailors to the deck, where he called the roll. Six were missing. The fury of the waves had swept them from the decks into the yawning abyss of the sea.

Fortunately, however, sailors are not easily discouraged, even in the presence of the greatest

dangers and misfortunes. They are always ready to battle with the elements and to meet bravely the many perils of their calling, even when there is but little hope of success. So, neither the sad loss of their comrades nor their own perilous condition disheartened the brave mariners of the *Tirreno*.

Captain Sturla did not lose courage even for an instant. Everything that his skill and experience could suggest was done to save the ship in her hour of danger.

The mast which had been struck by lightning was soon cut away by the sailors and replaced by a temporary one. For the sails torn to shreds by the gale, others were gradually substituted, and much of the other damage was repaired in a very short time. A joyful hurrah burst from the sailors' throats when the ship, once more obedient to the wheel, started again on her course.

Were they now safe? No one dared say so, but hope animated the breasts of all, including the passengers, who had been sustained and cheered by the inspiring courage of the captain and Salvator.

Madame Paul, the wife of Doctor Paul, who was ill when they embarked, was now in such a

condition of weakness as to cause Doctor Paul the gravest fears. The anguish she experienced during the two storms was such as to render her, much of the time, unconscious of the danger that threatened her and her family.

During the night the vessel sailed amid the deepest darkness, but with a favorable wind. This ceased at dawn, when the sea became calm. The sailors, profiting by the fine weather, applied themselves with renewed energy and courage to the repairing of the damage done by the storm.

Captain Sturla, Officer Clermont, and Salvator encouraged the men in every possible way, taking every precaution that nothing should be neglected. Whoever has traveled much on sailing vessels can easily imagine what terrible consequences may result from the negligence of even an ordinary seaman.

The sun was already high when Doctor Paul and Cyrus appeared on deck. It would not be easy to describe their feelings as they gazed upon the charred stump of the foremast and the broken hatchways. Cyrus in particular was utterly downcast.

“How could so much damage be done in so short a time!” he exclaimed. “How lucky

that mother is not in a condition to come on deck, for the sight would almost frighten her to death."

Salvator who had heard Cyrus's last words drew near, saying, "Do you know, I believe that, on the contrary, it would do her good to see all that has been done to save the ship."

"Then you do believe that the ship can be saved, after all?" asked Cyrus.

"With God's help and with courage and common sense everything is possible to man," replied Salvator, quietly.

"I try to believe that," said Cyrus. "And then, too, we may be rescued by some other vessel or driven by the wind upon the shore of some unknown island. But I cannot see how the ship can ever reach Sydney, without masts, without sails, as we are . . ."

"Without masts and sails!" exclaimed Salvator. "The stump of the mainmast still remains and the torn sails are being replaced with new ones, as you can see."

"But the ship cannot sail as well as she did before," said Cyrus, anxiously.

"No, but nevertheless before night you will see the *Tirreno* making good progress, thanks to the temporary sails, which, while not so

powerful as the old ones, will enable us to profit by any favorable winds."

"I know you must be right," said Cyrus. "But," he added, shaking his head, "it seems almost too good to be true just now."

"It is true, nevertheless," said Salvator, smiling. "In place of the mast and spars we have lost, we will put up the others which we always have on hand in case of disaster. So that, leaving out the possibility of a new storm, we shall arrive in Sydney later than we expected, to be sure, but we shall reach there, finally, you can depend upon it."

Turning to Doctor Paul, Salvator added in a low tone, "I can tell you that I am much more disturbed by the smallness of our crew than by the damage done to the vessel."

"Do you really believe that the shortage in the crew is so serious?" asked Doctor Paul.

"Well," said Salvator, "we ought to be thirty and we are only fourteen, — which means more than double labor, therefore, for every man. This of itself would not amount to so much if we were not all obliged to work at the same time. But there are times when one man cannot do the work of two, no matter how strong and willing he may be."

"Let us hope that circumstances will favor us," said Doctor Paul. "The weather looks now as if it would continue fair."

"I wish I could think so, Doctor," said Salvator. "I do not like the looks of that bank of clouds yonder," he added, "and I shouldn't be at all surprised if inside of a few hours the *Tirreno* should run into a new storm."

"How terrible the sea is!" murmured Cyrus. "More terrible than you know," said the old sailor. "Still, those who have chosen to follow the sea for a living love it and never willingly leave it. Ask the sailors who have just seen six of their comrades disappear forever beneath the waves. Ask them if they are tired of the sea. They will tell you that the greater the danger of their work the dearer it is to them."

"And do you feel that way, too?" asked Doctor Paul.

"Yes, Doctor," replied Salvator. "I believe that the more a man is exposed to danger the more he feels it necessary to keep close to God; and therefore to my idea we sailors enjoy a privilege peculiar to ourselves. A mere deck separates us from the ocean's depths; but above us watches a Father, all-good and all-powerful, whose protection through life is necessary to us

all and who will not fail us at the hour of death. And so, what difference can it make if the deck should break into bits and the deep water swallow us up, since God is always with us?"

"You have taught me a lesson, Salvator," said Doctor Paul, clasping the old sailor's hand. "I thank you for it. And you, my son," he added, turning to Cyrus, "I hope you will never forget these beautiful words."

Just then, duty called Salvator to another part of the ship, and Doctor Paul and Cyrus descended to the cabin to rejoin the rest of their family.

All that day the sailors worked busily. The head carpenter and his assistants occupied their time in putting up what are known as jury masts, while the remainder of the crew devoted their attention to renewing the sails.

About sunset, just as Salvator had foreseen, the wind began to blow a gale and the waves to rise threateningly. Soon, in spite of every precaution, the water made its way into the hold so rapidly that the crew was obliged to abandon all other work and take to the pumps. The storm increased in fury from hour to hour and at the end of two long days, the sailors, absolutely worn out, were obliged to abandon the pumps.

The frightful rolling of the vessel left no doubt as to the amount of water that had been shipped, and discouragement at last began to master the crew. Then, next morning came a new misfortune in the shape of an accident to Captain Sturla.

He was on the bridge giving orders when he suddenly fell to the deck, unconscious and bleeding profusely from a wound in the forehead. A pulley connected with the rigging of one of the masts had parted suddenly from its fastening, striking the good Captain on the head and causing a most serious wound.

The crew, seeing their captain in this condition, became utterly demoralized. Not wishing to be commanded by Clermont, whom in their hearts they feared and disliked, they with one accord stopped work and gathering near the bridge began to debate among themselves what was best to be done under the circumstances. They were plainly on the verge of mutiny.

Clermont approached them.

"Back to the pumps!" he ordered.

The men looked at him impudently and defiantly.

"Instead of ordering us to the pumps, you had better give us a glass of brandy all round," shouted one of the sailors, stepping forward.

"If the Captain could speak," said another, "he would not refuse us; I am sure of that."

"Instead of working, then, you want to drink!" exclaimed Clermont in a hoarse voice.

At this point, Salvator, who had been trying to bind up the Captain's wound, joined the group.

"Comrades," said he, addressing the men, "the wind has gone down somewhat and good weather must be near. Now, with a little more labor and a little more good will ——"

"All our labor and all our good will will not prevent the vessel from sinking inside of a few hours," interrupted one of the sailors.

"Perhaps not," said Clermont coldly. "It is quite possible that the condition of the *Tirreno* is desperate. But that is no reason for giving up now. There can be no talk of brandy, in any case. A drunken man is no longer a man but a useless brute. I command, now, and I say, *No liquor!*"

"We should like to know," said one of the boldest of the sailors, "how you are going to prevent us from drinking."

"Well," answered Clermont, "two resolute men can do a great deal. I may perhaps say three, as our passenger will undoubtedly join Salvator

and myself when it comes to a matter of suppressing a mutiny. Besides," continued Clermont, "we are provided with good firearms. . . . But why lose time over matters of small account when we should be working to save ourselves?"

"Our united forces will not be sufficient to save the *Tirreno*," muttered the men. "Listen! Hear that fearful gurgle! That is the sound of the water pouring into the hold. What can pumps do against that torrent?"

"There may be little hope of saving the ship," said Salvator, "but a life boat in good condition is one way to safety. I know, too, that both our life boat and the long boat are still on the davits, from which they can be lowered in the wink of an eye. We cannot be very far from the islands of Coringa. Let us load both boats with as many provisions as they can hold. Then when we are obliged to abandon the ship, we can take our chances in the boats. In this way we may perhaps save ourselves."

"Or die!" grumbled the men.

"But at least we can say then that we have done our duty,—that we have done everything that was humanly possible to save the ship and ourselves. And may Heaven help us!" said

Salvator. "Meanwhile I shall notify the passengers at once," he added.

"Notify them of what?" said Clermont brusquely.

"To make their preparations to leave the ship."

"We cannot possibly take them along," said Clermont. "The two boats are hardly big enough for the crew."

"And the Captain who lies there wounded?" exclaimed Salvator, "will you abandon him, too?"

"We'll take him along no matter what happens," shouted one of the sailors.

"Well said!" echoed the others in chorus.

"Very well," said Clermont. "We shall take the Captain with us, but we cannot take the passengers. I am sorry, but after all charity begins at home. That matter is settled. Now my lads," he added briskly, "to work at once, loading the boats! Bring water and provisions, my sextant and compass, and a half dozen muskets and ammunition."

The sailors, thoroughly satisfied with this plan, began to work with a will. Salvator alone did not join them, devoting all his attention to the wounded Captain whom he left only to sound the water in the hold. He had intentionally said nothing for or against the proposed plan,

nor had he made the slightest attempt to persuade Clermont to take the passengers with him in the boats.

The loading of the boats was nearly finished. When the sailors were shipping the last barrel of water, Doctor Paul appeared on deck.

“What is the meaning of all this bustle?” he asked Salvator. Then, catching sight of Captain Sturla, still senseless on the deck: “They have not killed their commander?” he cried. “Why did you not tell me before?” he added, as he stooped to render what aid he could to his friend.

A slight examination convinced him that the Captain’s wound was not very serious.

“No, sir,” said Salvator. “The poor Captain was struck by a falling pulley. And the bustle you see can readily be explained. The sailors are preparing to leave the ship.”

“Do we then abandon the ship?” asked Doctor Paul, in surprise.

“Not *we*, sir, but *they*,” answered Salvator, quietly.

““They”? Who?”

“Clermont and the crew.”

“What! Do they intend to leave us behind on a sinking ship?” he cried. “They cannot be so

heartless as to leave my wife and children behind, to certain death!"

While talking, Doctor Paul was hurriedly binding up the Captain's wound, but he could not conceal his anxiety for the safety of his family.

"I do not wish to excuse them, Doctor," said Salvator, "but self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and that is the law which governs them now. When one's life is in danger, one is tempted to think solely of himself. These men are no more cruel or selfish than they think it necessary to be. If there were more boats or larger ones they would not abandon anyone."

"My poor wife and children! the good Selena!" murmured Doctor Paul, paying no attention to Salvator's explanations. "Can I possibly allow them to be abandoned? No, I shall talk to these men. I shall tell them." . . .

"But Clermont is in command," said Salvator. "He will not permit anyone to embark except the crew. Of that you may be certain. Clermont is the one who proposed to abandon you. He was the first to point out that there was not room enough in the boats to take you and your family. For that matter, I believe that you are safer here; otherwise, I should have taken your part more strongly than I did."

"Then, is there no hope left for us?" cried Doctor Paul, in despair.

"Man should never despair," said Salvator. "No matter how near death he may be, the hand of God can always save him. We must have faith in God, Doctor, who will dispose of us as He thinks best."

"Of *us*? Are you not going with them?" asked the Doctor, in surprise.

"No, sir," answered Salvator, firmly. "I have decided to stay with you and your family. The sailors intend to take the Captain with them. They asked me to go, but I intend to remain."

"To die with us!" exclaimed Doctor Paul.

"No; not to die with you but to help you and your family to safety, if God wills," was Salvator's reply. "I am old and for years have been ready to die. What does a year more or less matter to me? But down in the cabin are four young children, whose career in this world has barely begun. Every tree must produce its own fruit and no one should pluck away the blossom. It is your duty, Doctor, to save your wife and family and it is mine to help you."

Just then two sailors approached them. Lifting the Captain, one by the head and the other

by the feet, they prepared to carry him to the boat.

"Come on, Salvator," said one of them; "the boats are ready. There's no time to lose."

"I am going to stay," said the old boatswain, calmly.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed the sailor.

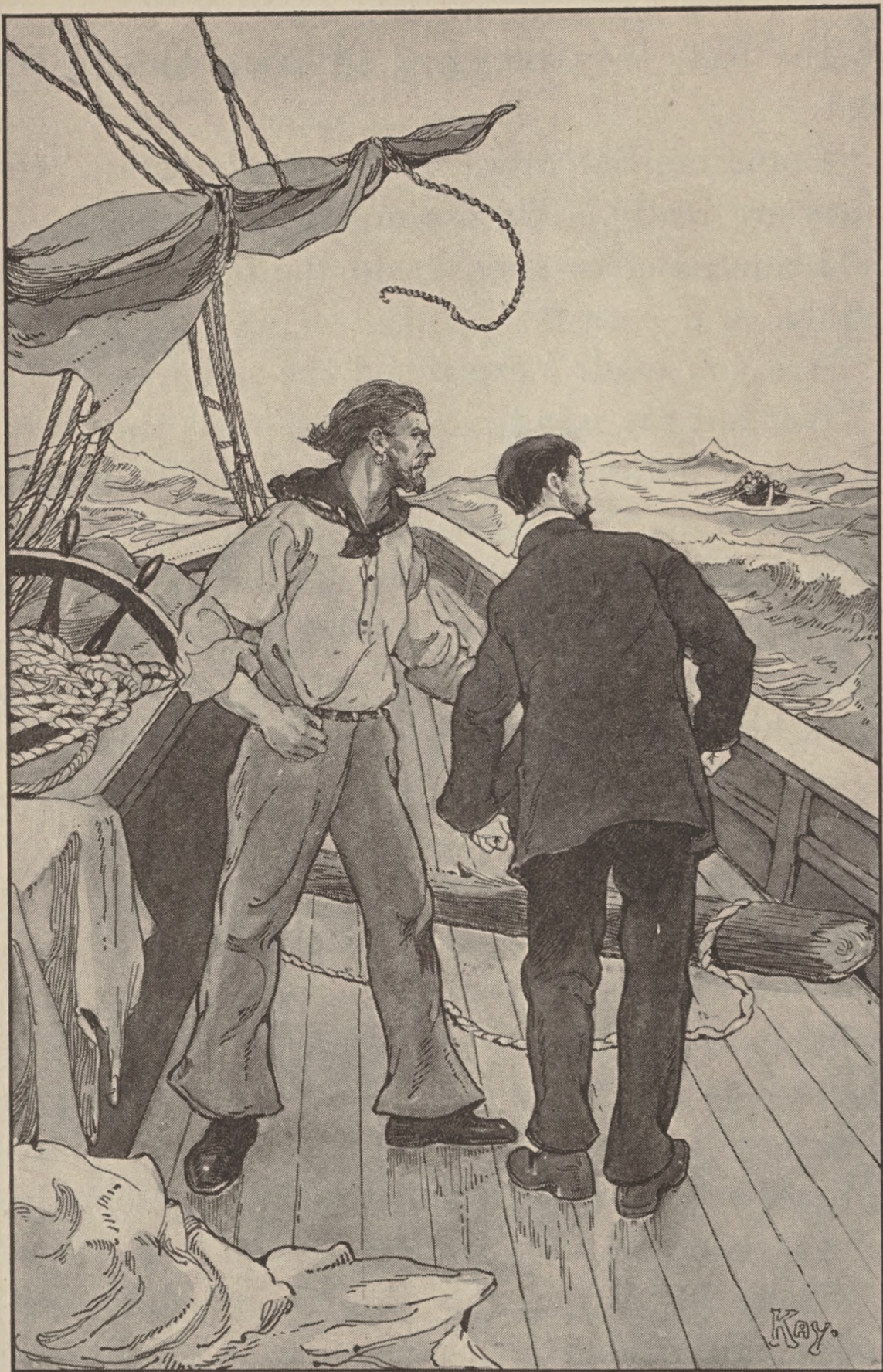
"No, but my mind is made up," was the reply. "I have a favor to ask: It is that, if God should be pleased to enable you to reach land, you will make known the spot where you have left the *Tirreno*, so that help may be sent to us."

Clermont, who had meanwhile approached, shook his head sorrowfully. "When help arrives, no matter how quickly, it will be too late, Salvator. You cannot hope for anything by remaining. Do not insist upon losing your own life. Come with us!" Then, leaning toward Salvator, he whispered, "Do you not see how the ship is settling in the water? The hold of the *Tirreno* is nearly full, already. What can you hope for?"

"To die at my post," replied Salvator, resolutely.

"At your post?" repeated Clermont.

"Those in charge of a ship should not abandon it until they have placed in security those entrusted to their care," said Salvator, firmly.



. . . THE TWO BOATS SAILED AWAY FROM THE VESSEL . . .

“But that is the Captain’s business, not yours!” exclaimed Clermont.

“Do not lose time trying to convince me. May God protect you, Clermont,” said Salvator.

And lifting his cap, Salvator saluted his superior officer, who, somewhat moved, it is true, slipped into one of the waiting boats and sat down beside the body of the Captain, his head in his hands. A few minutes later the two boats sailed away from the vessel, steering in a southeasterly direction.

CHAPTER III

LAND IS SIGHTED

Salvator, standing on the deck with his arms folded, could not for several moments withdraw his gaze from the boats which, under the sturdy strokes of the sailors, drew rapidly away.

Doctor Paul, too, followed with his eyes the course of the boats until they were lost to sight. With the disappearance of the crew he abandoned all hope of saving himself and family.

The scene he had witnessed but a few moments before returned to his mind. He had been so stunned that he could say nothing to Clermont or the sailors that might have shaken their determination; nothing that might have made them hesitate to carry out the cruel plan they had decided upon with respect to him and his family.

Salvator was the first to break silence.

"They hope to save themselves and at the same time they look upon us as lost," he said.

"And they are probably right," replied Doctor Paul, sadly.

“Who knows?” said Salvator, with an effort to appear cheerful. “Does there not exist above us a Superior Being who will decide our fate?”

“True. But unless God works a miracle in our favor — and what right have we to expect a miracle! — what chance of safety have we on board this ship, dismasted and on the point of sinking? Tell me, my good Salvator!”

The latter made no answer but, going to the stern, took hold of the wheel and, having scanned the horizon for several minutes, he put the *Tirreno* before the wind and fastened the helm. A few minutes later his eyes brightened.

“I firmly believe,” he cried, “that the means of safety of which you spoke a little while ago will soon come our way.”

“God grant it may!” exclaimed Doctor Paul, fervently, “for I really have not the courage to bear further misfortune. Believe me, Salvator, I do not know how to break the news of our desperate condition to Madame Paul. Nevertheless, it must be done, if only to prepare her for what may follow.”

“Before going down into the cabin, let us face the situation, speaking frankly and clearly, as man to man,” said Salvator. “Our condition is grave, but not so desperate as you believe. The

hold is half filled with water, to be sure, but it is not increasing. Of this I am convinced, as I have made several soundings. If the hold had continued to fill, the ship would have sunk before night. The sea is now almost calm and the wind has nearly died away. This state of things may last for some time.

“Now, we are sailing in a portion of the ocean in which there are several archipelagoes. With good judgment, we may be able to reach one of the numerous islands and save not only our lives, but sufficient provisions and other things to enable us to live comfortably until the help I asked Clermont to send us can arrive.”

“Will he help us, do you think?” asked Doctor Paul.

“Even if he should not, we can, with the help of God, at least keep ourselves alive for a while,” said Salvator.

“What must we do?” asked the Doctor.

“First of all, Doctor, quiet your own fears. Try to appear as cheerful as possible, so that your anxiety may not be noticed. Tell your wife and the children that we shall soon touch land. If she has already found that the crew has abandoned the *Tirreno*, make some excuse

for them. If she does not know it, as I hope, say nothing about it."

"But she will naturally notice the absence of the steward who has been attending us," objected the Doctor.

"I don't think that will trouble her," replied Salvator. "She will be inclined to suppose that all hands are needed on deck. You might suggest that Selena take charge of the meals and serving for the present. Selena seems to be a strong and sensible girl who can be of great assistance to us. As far as your son Cyrus is concerned, though he is but a boy in years, he has the courage and the spirit of a grown man. You should tell him the entire truth. Send him up to me and I'll explain how things stand," he concluded.

Doctor Paul was much moved and warmly pressed the old sailor's hand.

"You are, indeed, our good friend," he said, "and in these strange troubles and trials you will certainly be our providence."

He then went below. A little later Cyrus appeared on deck.

"My father said you wanted to talk to me, Salvator," he said.

"And so I do, my boy," said Salvator, cheerily.

"First of all, don't let your mother know that we are deserted, or that we don't know where we are, or that the ship is in pretty bad shape, generally."

"No, I won't," said the boy. "But is there any danger of ——"

Salvator did not allow him to finish. Taking his hand and controlling his voice with difficulty, he told the lad their exact situation, keeping back nothing.

"So you see," he concluded, "it is necessary above all to be brave and cheerful. Then we must keep your mother from coming on deck."

"*That* will be easy enough, anyway," said Cyrus. "Mother is so ill that she is not able to leave her cabin; in fact she can't leave her bed."

"Then our task will be easier."

"There would be no 'task' at all, so far as mother is concerned, if the ship's cook had not gone with the rest," said Cyrus. "Mother's first words on waking will be to ask if we children have eaten."

"And why have you not eaten?" asked Salvator, smiling.

"Because, . . . because . . ."

"The cook is gone, to be sure," laughed Salvator; "but that is no good reason why we

should not all of us eat! We shall take the place of the cook."

"Why, what can we do?" asked Cyrus.

"You can get milk for Marie, first of all. There is the goat, and I can teach you how to milk her. Then I shall light the galley fire and cook just the best meal I possibly can cook for the rest of us. Then you can tell me what you think of my cooking!"

"But the ship — the wheel — who will attend to it meanwhile?" asked Cyrus.

"Don't worry about that," replied Salvator. "The tiller is properly fastened, the wind has gone down considerably and is blowing steadily; the water in the hold stays at just about the same depth. So I can leave the deck for a while with perfect safety."

Before long, thanks to the united efforts of Salvator and Cyrus, breakfast was ready, and Madame Paul, thoroughly worn out from illness and anxiety, did not even notice the absence of the steward.

The sea was now almost calm. The rolling of the ship had become almost imperceptible; the welcome, cheering rays of the sun entering through the port holes brightened the cabin, and the waves, rippling as lightly as a

baby breathes, lapped against the sides of the ship.

“What beautiful weather! What a relief after the terror of the last few days!” said Madame Paul, devoutly joining her hands and gratefully regarding the strip of blue sky which she could see from her bed.

Cyrus and his little brother Junius exchanged glances. Would it not have been cruel to disturb the relief of their mother, and discourage her besides?

Just then Salvator entered the cabin. The good old sailor came to suggest sending Selena and the children on deck. Doctor Paul followed his little family to the deck, while Cyrus stayed to watch his mother who, lulled by the gentle movement of the sea, soon closed her eyes in refreshing sleep.

Selena, on reaching the head of the stairway was unable to restrain a gesture of surprise.

“Where are the sailors? Where is Captain Sturla?” she asked, in a low voice.

“They are all gone,” answered Salvator.

“Gone!” she exclaimed. “Are they all dead?”

“Not dead; they have simply gone away.”

“And left us here to die, alone?” asked Selena,

pressing the baby close to her breast as she lifted her eyes, full of tears, to Heaven.

Doctor Paul took her gently by the arm and, walking a little distance away so that not a word of what he was going to say would reach the children, told her in a few words all that had happened. He finished by telling her that she could help them greatly if she would.

Selena was glad to know that she could be of special use to the family, — above all to the baby for whom she felt almost a mother's tenderness. The poor girl, who at first had been terrified, now plucked up courage at the idea of doing something to help.

Junius and Giselda, thoroughly happy at being permitted to leave the cabin, were the first to reach the deck, where they looked in vain for their friend Captain Sturla. In vain they called for him with all the strength of their lungs.

Surprised at the strange stillness, they felt suddenly afraid. Seeing their father approach, they ran to him and threw themselves sobbing into his arms.

"Oh, papa! dear papa!" said Giselda, "what is the matter? Where is the Captain? Are we all going to die?"

"Die! Who talks about dying, silly child?"

What will happen to your mother if her little girl shows herself so much afraid? My little girl and boy must be brave."

"Oh!" said Giselda, "I won't say anything to mother, neither shall Junius. She is too sick! But I was afraid!"

"We will try to be brave, father," said Junius, "and we certainly won't worry mother."

Doctor Paul kissed them both, and gently pushed them towards Selena. But Giselda clung to his coat, saying:

"I beg you, papa, let me stay near you. I won't speak nor cry. You may be sure I won't bother you; only don't send me away, for I'm afraid."

"I am not afraid," said Junius, with a bold air, "and I am going to help my good friend Salvator. I want to work."

"Very well, then," said the boatswain. "Come along with me."

When Junius and Salvator had gone, Giselda said, "Papa, please tell me what has happened to the Captain and the sailors. Are they all drowned? And are we going to be drowned, too?"

"I hope not, Giselda. The good God surely will save us from that," answered her father.

“Let us ask it of Him with heart and soul. Let us also pray that He will save the Captain who was so badly wounded last night. As for the sailors . . .”

“It is more necessary to pray to the good God for them than for the Captain,” said Salvator, solemnly, as he approached them again. “Yesterday they committed a wicked deed, for which they will be punished unless God takes pity on them.”

“But where are they?” repeated Giselda.

“They have gone away,” said Salvator.

“They have gone, perhaps, to get help for us,” said Doctor Paul.

“Then they will come back soon, — perhaps before mother has had time to notice that they were gone,” said Giselda, joyfully.

“Now, I am sure that my Junius and Giselda won’t chatter about all this,” said Doctor Paul.

“I’ll answer for Junius and myself,” said Giselda.

“Well, we shall see,” said Doctor Paul, with a smile.

“Yes, papa, you’ll see.”

It was not long before Giselda forgot her terror. Junius, likewise, forgot his intention to help Salvator, and the two children began to romp

about the deck as if nothing unusual had happened. Even Selena, whose duty it was to care for them, forgot for a while her own troubles.

Doctor Paul and Salvator took turns at the wheel. About noon the boatswain, looking at his watch, said, "I shall go now and find our latitude."

In about five minutes he returned, saying joyfully, "Good news! Just as I hoped! We must be near an island where we can land. We must now watch on all sides with the greatest care for land. We must not pass this group without finding some point at which to land. Keep a sharp lookout, Doctor. Watch carefully, now, while Cyrus and I go below to prepare dinner. Look straight ahead of you in the direction we are sailing."

When Salvator returned some time later to announce that dinner was ready, Doctor Paul showed him a spot, still very far away, which he had been watching for some time and which seemed to grow larger.

"What is that in the distance? Is it land, or a cloud?" he asked, in great excitement. "I can hardly believe it is land."

Salvator looked intently in the direction pointed out and after a while answered, "I cannot be

sure, but it looks like land to me," he replied. "We will steer in that direction and God grant that it may be land, for the water in the hold is again rising. I have just now made new soundings."

CHAPTER IV

PREPARATIONS FOR LANDING

The shadow observed by Doctor Paul not only proved to be land but to be much nearer than either he or Salvator had supposed.

The wind, meanwhile, was becoming stronger and, in spite of the fact that the water was slowly but constantly rising in the hold, the *Tirreno* made better progress than they had dared to hope. Soon they could see distinctly the coconut palm trees which fringed the shore of the island, as Salvator had predicted.

"I see now what we must do," said the old boatswain. "We are heading for that side of the island which is most exposed to the wind, where the water is generally deep enough to permit a ship to get close to the shore. On the other side there are, probably, many reefs near the surface of the water which would prevent a close approach. We must look now for some favorable spot to beach our vessel."

The shore was now clearly visible.

“God be praised!” exclaimed the old sailor. “There is just the spot for which I was wishing,” he added, pointing with his finger. “We can land there in all safety. Doctor Paul, see those three cocoanut palms, like a beautiful bunch of flowers! Observe their position well. Now, you go forward to the bow while I stay at the wheel, but do not lose sight of those three trees. Watch the course of the vessel carefully at the same time. If you think I should steer more to the right, raise your right hand, and, if to the left, your left hand. If I should keep straight ahead in the direction of the trees, lower both hands. Do you understand me, Doctor? The matter is most important.”

“I understand perfectly, Salvator,” replied Doctor Paul, going forward to the bow.

Guided thus by Doctor Paul, Salvator handled the wheel so that the *Tirreno* did not deviate from the course he had first indicated. Within half a mile of the island he saw, with great satisfaction, that the water, judging by its color, was deep enough for the ship to go in still nearer the shore.

The ship advanced steadily toward the shore and in a short time the keel grated on a great bank of coral, part of which showed above the water. The grating sound became louder. Then

came a sudden shock and, with a long crunching sound, the vessel came to a dead stop. The *Tirreno* had settled firmly on the reef.

"God be praised!" said Salvator. "Everything depends now entirely upon our courage and ability."

Lifting his cap, the brave old sailor knelt down on the deck with Doctor Paul and raised a prayer of thanks as fervent as any that ever came from grateful hearts. Before the two men had risen to their feet again, Cyrus came rushing on deck.

"Papa! papa! Come quickly," cried he. "That dreadful shock has awakened mother and frightened her. She is calling for you."

Doctor Paul rushed at once to the cabin where he found his wife sitting up in bed, pale, with eyes full of terror.

"What has happened? Have I had a bad dream, or . . . has the ship really struck a rock?"

"My dear wife, you have not dreamed. But don't be afraid; we have been very fortunate."

"Very fortunate!" exclaimed the invalid. "What do you mean?"

In a few words, Doctor Paul told his wife what had happened, finishing with:

"So, now, at last we have reached land!"

But Madame Paul did not rejoice with her

husband. The poor lady had not witnessed the terrible scenes and faced the dangers of the preceding days, as he had. To her, the newly found land meant only an unknown island, inhabited perhaps by cannibals. Doctor Paul had great difficulty therefore in calming her fears.

Meanwhile, Cyrus and Salvator were examining the position of the ship and observing the island from the deck.

“The *Tirreno* has struck firmly in the bank of coral sand,” said Salvator, “and will not move again unless she should be disturbed by some big storm. Although the sea is at present calm, I should not be surprised, however, if we had a violent squall to-morrow.”

“Then would it not be better for us to go ashore now and assure ourselves that we shall not all die of hunger on the island?” asked Cyrus.

“There is an old saying among sailors that I have always found to be true,” answered Salvator: “That where cocoanuts grow, there is no danger of starving. As an old rhyme has it,

‘Lands where cocoanuts flourish
Do man quite readily nourish.’

Our greatest difficulty, however, will be to reach the shore, — unless we do it by swimming.”

"If we can't get ashore," said Cyrus, "we are no better off than before!"

"Such is Youth!" said Salvator with a smile. "It believes everything one moment and despairs of everything the next. It sees nothing between these two extremes!"

"But, Salvator, how *are* we going to reach the island?" asked Cyrus, looking a little ashamed of himself.

"There is a way. There is *always* a way. Behold the way to the shore!" said the old sailor, pointing to a boat near the stern which, although much damaged by the last storm, was still hanging on the davits.

"But that boat is small, and it is all smashed up," said Cyrus, scornfully.

"Exactly so," nodded Salvator.

"It will sink; we shall not be able to keep it afloat," added Cyrus.

"That was the very reason why Clermont and the crew did not take it," said Salvator. "But with the help of your father, I expect to put it in such condition that we may be able to use it."

"Can't I help, too?" asked Cyrus, eagerly.

"Yes, by going down to your mother. Besides it will soon be time for you and your father

to get supper. And then we must all get to bed early. To-morrow will be a busy day."

"But . . ." objected Cyrus.

"Don't stop to argue," said Salvator, firmly. "I shall attend to everything here. Be sure you give the animals something to eat, also. And don't forget Captain Sturla's dogs. They will be especially useful to us when once we are on shore."

In a few moments, no one remained on deck but Salvator, who immediately fell to work repairing the damage to the boat, which was indeed badly injured and in very poor condition. After two hours' work, and after eating some supper with the others in the cabin, the old sailor, thoroughly worn out, stretched himself on the top of the deck coop in which the fowls were kept and was soon peacefully asleep.

At daybreak he was awakened by two of the dogs, Fox and Spot, who sniffed about him, licking his hands and face for joy at having found him again.

The boatswain returned their caresses, murmuring sadly, "Poor things, I very much fear you will never see your master again."

"But this will never do!" cried he, jumping up from his hard bed. "I must cheer up and

get to work on the boat again. That sleep was just what I needed. I feel entirely rested."

Before very long the boat was mended, — at least well enough to keep afloat. Well satisfied with his work upon the boat, Salvator now turned his attention to the selection of the supplies to be carried ashore. Doctor Paul felt that, before completing the list which Cyrus had begun the day before, it would be desirable for them to note down everything on the *Tirreno* that was likely to prove useful on the island.

Of live stock they found that they had on board three dogs, two goats, five pigs, some hens, a few pigeons, and a cow. Of these, the cow was in very poor condition, as one of its legs had been hurt in the rolling of the ship during the last storm.

"Poor beast!" said Doctor Paul, as he examined the injured leg. "I am afraid we shall have to kill you so that you will suffer no more pain. . . . Don't forget the six sheep, Salvator," went on the Doctor. "This ship is a regular Noah's ark, but these animals will all be useful on the island."

"We have any quantity of food. We have only to make a choice," said Salvator.

After completing the list, Salvator began to

check off on it the articles he meant to take on shore.

“What shall we take in the first boat load?” inquired Doctor Paul.

After considerable discussion, this question was settled as follows: Three large sails to make tents, a great quantity of rope, half a dozen mattresses, two axes, several hammers, plenty of nails, and some food. When, with the aid of Doctor Paul, all these things were ready to be put into the boat, Doctor Paul called Cyrus and Selena on deck.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST TRIP TO THE ISLAND

The launching of the boat was not a difficult matter. Under Salvator's direction it was most successful. As the little vessel slid into the water there was, however, a moment of keen anxiety as to whether it would float on an even keel.

"God be praised!" cried Salvator, as he saw that the boat rode the waves, straight and buoyant. "This relieves us of the difficult task of building a raft. And now, Doctor Paul, we must load her," he continued. "Shall we take any of the children with us on this trip?"

"We are entirely in your hands, Salvator," replied the Doctor. "Do what you think best. We shall faithfully obey you."

"Since you permit me to decide, Doctor, my opinion is that, before we do anything else, we should make a trip to the island alone. It is less than half a mile away."

All eyes were turned toward the land, which lay to the north of the *Tirreno* at about the dis-

tance mentioned by Salvator. All regarded it with the greatest curiosity, wondering whether it was inhabited and by what kind of people; what kind of animals, what plants grew there; and how large it was. On these things depended their future safety and well-being, while they were on the island.

“Come, Doctor; let us be going,” said Salvator, getting into the boat.

Doctor Paul followed quickly and they rowed briskly toward the shore, carrying with them only a sail, two guns, and a bundle of rope. Cyrus and Selena, feeling decidedly lonely, waved to them from the deck.

In about twenty minutes they reached the shore safely, landing at the head of a little bay where the water was shallow and clear as crystal. In its depths they could see beautiful shells and hundreds of little fish with brilliant scales swimming about.

As soon as they landed, Salvator and the Doctor knelt down and kissed the earth, fervently thanking God for their safe arrival.

“What a beautiful spot!” cried Salvator, jumping up and looking about him. “It looks as if no human foot but ours had ever trod this shore!”

"Perhaps that's all the better for us," said Doctor Paul. "Let us explore the neighborhood at once."

"You take the gun, Doctor," said Salvator; "the ax will do for me."

"Do you think there is any special danger, Salvator?" asked the Doctor.

"I think not," was the reply. "There is nothing on this island but birds, foxes and, perhaps, some wild pigs from the continent."

"From the continent!" exclaimed Doctor Paul. "Do you think then that other people have been here before?"

"No," said Salvator, "for this island is certainly not marked on any mariner's chart. But I have sailed in these seas with a captain who never failed, when passing near a desert island to let loose a pair of pigeons or to set ashore some other animals. He used to say that he did this with the idea of providing food for the unfortunate people who might happen, later, to be shipwrecked on these shores."

"That was truly wise and generous," said Doctor Paul. "It is curious to think that you, with us, may now profit by his kindness."

"We shall not need to find much in the way of food on the island," said Salvator, "thanks to

the number of animals and the quantity of grain we have on board."

"Salvator," said the Doctor, after they had proceeded some distance, "do you see that little hill ahead, not very far from the shore?"

"Yes," answered Salvator; "it looks like a good place for us to camp."

"Then let us go no farther, I beg," said the Doctor. "Before sunset to-day — and the sun is already quite high — we must make several more trips from the boat to the shore, so we must not get too tired now."

"Have you made any plans about bringing the rest of your family ashore, Doctor?" asked Salvator.

"No, I am leaving it entirely in your hands, my dear Salvator," was the reply.

"Well, my idea is to bring Cyrus and Selena here first, for they can help us."

"I am afraid, however," objected the Doctor, "that my wife will not be satisfied to remain on board without either Cyrus or myself."

"Well, in that case we can bring Selena, Junius, and the dogs instead. Afterwards, while you and Selena are busy here getting ready for the others, I shall make two or three trips alone, bringing back whatever seems most necessary.

Then, on the last trip, I shall make it my business to bring whoever is then on the *Tirreno*."

Without further discussion, Doctor Paul and Salvator got into the boat again and went back to the ship, returning shortly with Selena, Junius, the three dogs, and everything needed to set up the two tents in which they were to pass the night.

"What a lovely place!" exclaimed Selena, as soon as she had set foot on the island.

The dogs ran about, barking joyously, but Junius was pale and nervous, and seemed to be wondering whether he should laugh or cry. But when he saw the beautiful shells that were strewn about the shore, he at once began to fill his pockets with them.

"Begin work at once, Selena," said Salvator, smiling. "This is not the time to admire the scenery, even if it does remind you of home. First we must carry everything we have brought with us to yonder hill, and then make ready for Madame Paul. Here is your load. . . . And you, Master Junius, shall help me carry this sail."

Before long, both tents were set up on the side of the little hill in a spot well shaded by cocoanut trees. Salvator intended to make these tents as comfortable as possible. But, to accomplish this,

it would be necessary to make many trips to the *Tirreno*.

“I am going back to the ship,” he said to Doctor Paul, “while you and Selena fasten the tent to the stakes driven into the ground. Now, remember, Master Junius,” he added, “you’d better not try any of your jokes here. Help your father and Selena as much as you can, but do not touch anything else, for fear, without meaning it, you might do some damage.”

“Never fear, uncle Salvator,” said the lad. “I shall be as good as gold.”*

“I know you mean to be,” said Salvator, smiling. “But I beg of you, stay near your father and, above all, do not touch the weapons, because the ax is sharp and the guns are loaded.”

Saying this, the faithful old boatswain got into the boat and, rowing at full speed, soon reached the *Tirreno*.

* The Italians say, “as good as bread.”

CHAPTER VI

THE WRECK IS ABANDONED

Junius, as we have said before, was a warm-hearted, generous, impulsive child. His great failing, however, was that he was very often disobedient because he was heedless and forgetful. No sooner, therefore, had Salvator left the shore, and his father and Selena returned to the tents, than he began to play around the pile of things which had been brought from the *Tirreno*.

Meanwhile, Salvator had reached the ship. He briefly told Madame Paul and Cyrus all that had thus far been done to make a home on the island and all that they intended to do in the near future. Then he added:

“Now, do not worry, dear Madame. Doctor Paul and I agreed that, if they should meet with any kind of danger during my absence, he would let me know at once by firing one of the guns.”

He had barely uttered these words when they heard the sound of a gunshot from the shore.

Madame Paul, thoroughly frightened, slipped from her bed and rushed in terror to the deck, where Salvator and Cyrus had all they could do to keep her from leaping into the boat in her eagerness to go ashore and find out what had happened.

“No, no, Madame!” cried Salvator. “Let me go alone! I can find out much more quickly than you what the trouble is. And as soon as I reach the shore, I shall signal you at once if anything is wrong.”

Jumping into the boat, Salvator, very much disturbed himself by the sudden alarm, began to row rapidly in the direction of the island.

Poor Madame Paul anxiously watched the boat which, although it appeared to skim over the water with the swiftness of a bird, to her seemed to go so slowly — oh, so slowly! As she gazed, she prayed fervently that God would protect those whom she loved more than she did her life. Finally, the poor lady fainted in the arms of Cyrus, who fortunately kept his presence of mind and, exerting all his strength, managed to carry his mother down to the cabin.

It is easy to imagine with what a heavy heart Salvator approached the island. He could not

see what was going on, since his back was turned toward the shore, and his anxiety, though better controlled than that of Madame Paul, was almost as great.

At last he reached the shore. There he found Doctor Paul, Selena, and Junius, the last looking the picture of woe. His eyes were red and there were smeared furrows down his cheeks, evidently made by the tears which he had wiped away with his grimy hands. The old sailor at once guessed what had happened.

"I wager," said Salvator, "that it was Master Junius that . . ."

"You are not mistaken," said Doctor Paul. "The heedless boy, in spite of our warnings, played with the gun and it went off."

"That is not so," muttered Junius. "The gun did not go off by itself. I fired it! Up in that cocoanut tree I saw such a big bird! I thought that it would do for mamma's supper. Oh, if I had only hit it!"

Salvator and the others could hardly keep from laughing.

"And, instead of bringing down the bird," said Doctor Paul, "he fell down himself, his legs in the air, partly from fright and partly from the recoil of the musket. And he did

this foolish trick without once stopping to think of how it might alarm his mother."

"She was very much frightened, I can tell you," said Salvator. "I really think, Doctor Paul, you'd better go back at once to calm and reassure her," he added.

"I think I shall take Junius with me and put him in the coal bunker to keep company with the rats," said Doctor Paul, severely.

"No! No, please don't take me, papa!" cried Junius. "Please forgive me this time! I shall never touch anything again that you tell me not to."

After renewed warnings, which in spite of Junius's repentance they feared would be unheeded, Salvator and the Doctor returned to the ship.

The sight of her husband at once calmed Madame Paul so that she soon fell fast asleep.

Meantime, Salvator and Cyrus were loading the boat with the things that they felt sure would be needed on shore that night. These things were the mattresses and bedclothes, a small cook-stove and coal, ropes, tables and chairs, nails and some carpenter's tools, kitchen pots and pans, and many other things. Salvator and Doctor Paul made a number of trips

back and forth between the *Tirreno* and the island, working for many hours without showing any sign of being tired.

About an hour before sunset, however, Salvator announced to those on the island that he was going to stop carrying supplies for that day and that on the next trip he would bring to shore the rest of the family, whose living quarters were now ready, thanks to their united efforts.

"We have only two hours of daylight left," concluded Salvator, "and that will be none too much to bring Madame Paul, Cyrus, and the girls ashore and get them settled."

"Then let us start at once for the ship," said Doctor Paul. "Selena," he added, "put the finishing touches to everything while we are gone, and you, Junius! do not fire off any more guns."

"Don't worry, papa," answered Junius. "I shall be too much afraid."

On board the *Tirreno* they found Madame Paul awake, but still very much worried and upset. The excitement, however, had not harmed her, but instead it had apparently given her a certain amount of strength, so that she was ready and eager to make the trip to shore.

Leaning on her husband's shoulder, she reached the deck. But before getting into the boat she wished to say farewell to the ship, and kneeling down on the deck, she prayed most fervently that they might all be protected in their new home.

"I feel that we are saying good-by to everything!" cried Madame Paul, clasping the rail with both hands: "not only to our home and fatherland, but to everything that is civilized."

"Adelaide," said Doctor Paul tenderly, "you must not forget that God never abandons his creatures, no matter where they may be. Do not fear, then, but have faith in Him and in our love and care for you."

"I know that I should not complain," she answered, "but I find it hard to leave this ship. Leaving this ship, which is Italian, seems like saying farewell forever to Italy itself."

Doctor Paul, fearing that his wife would exhaust the little strength she had, turned to Salvator, saying:

"Help me put Madame Paul into the boat."

Between them they gently raised the invalid lady, placed her carefully in the boat which Cyrus was steadying, where she was immediately followed by her husband, and Giselda

carrying Marie. Salvator then got in himself and they rowed away.

When Madame Paul stepped ashore, all the others clapped their hands and shouted for joy.

Confused, surprised, and very tired, the poor lady could not say at first how glad she was to find herself again on firm dry land. Moreover, in her heart she feared what this unknown island, lost in the middle of the ocean, might have in store for her.

At this point, Junius tried to cheer her up.

"Mamma," he said, "you have two new cooks. Selena and I have cooked such a good supper for you! See how bright the fire is! Just smell that soup! And after supper you shall sleep in such a fine bed, too. We're going to have a fine time on this island, I can tell you. It is inhabited only by birds, with feathers of all colors. But I must attend to my roast," he concluded.

The lively youngster ran down the beach to what they called "the kitchen" where, over a large heap of glowing coals, a shoulder of mutton was browning beautifully.

Madame Paul smiled as she looked about her. Everything she saw tended to reassure her, and she began to feel more content. A gentle wind

moved the foliage of the cocoanut palms; the sky was free from clouds and of a deep blue. Everything was perfectly quiet; the air was comfortably mild and very fragrant. It seemed as if Nature was trying to make up to these poor castaways for their many days of suffering on the ship.

A quarter of an hour later all were seated around the table enjoying the supper so well prepared by Selena and . . . Junius.

After they had eaten with the best appetites in the world, they all knelt down and sang a hymn of thankfulness for their escape from the dangers of the sea, and as they sang their voices awakened the echoes in the forest near by.

Shortly afterward the entire family were sound asleep in the improvised but comfortable beds, which Doctor Paul with the help of Cyrus and Selena had arranged that afternoon in the two tents, one of which was occupied by Madame Paul, Giselda, Selena, and baby Marie, and the other by Doctor Paul, Salvator, and the boys. Even the dogs, stretched full length before the tents, were asleep.

CHAPTER VII

HOUSEKEEPING ON THE ISLAND

Next morning Doctor Paul awoke at day-break.

Dressing quietly so as not to disturb his companions, who were still sound asleep, he slipped out of the tent. As he stepped outside he could not repress a cry of surprise and delight at the beautiful scene before him.

The thick foliage of the cocoanut palms formed green arches overhead; a gentle breeze was blowing, and there was not a cloud in the sky. The ocean stretched away into the distance, blue as the sky and calm as a lake, the water moving in little ripples. To the left, the land rose gently from the white sandy beach to several low hills which were thickly covered with vegetation. In the distance, could be seen the dark outlines of the forest. To the right, a line of rocks of coral formation showed above the water extending seaward for some distance. Doctor Paul could easily distinguish

the *Tirreno* which, like some huge monster asleep among the rocks, was easily the most striking feature of the scene.

“What man would not deem himself happy to live under this bright sky, surrounded by all these beauties of nature? And yet, only a little while ago I felt like complaining of our hard luck!” thought Doctor Paul, as he walked down toward the beach.

“And as I consider all that Salvator has accomplished—with the little help that Cyrus and I could give him—since the crew abandoned us on the *Tirreno*, it is very clear to me that God intended man to be helpful not only to himself but to his fellow men. No man can live to himself. Even as a child, his help is required by his parents and his playmates; later, by his family and, if he is a good citizen, by his fellow-citizens and his country as a whole.

“In this isolated spot,” continued the Doctor, “our dependence upon each other is more clearly shown, because we are now separated from the numberless things upon which we formerly depended. The big stout ship on which we depended to carry us safely to our journey’s end has been wrecked. The good captain in

whose knowledge and experience we had absolute trust, has been carried from us, wounded and helpless. The crew have abandoned us to our fate. And yet by the courage, good will, and work of one man and the use of a frail, almost worthless boat, we have reached this beautiful spot without mishap.

“It would be nothing less, therefore, than rank ingratitude to God, who has preserved us thus far, not to continue to trust in His goodness and mercy.”

At this point his reflections were interrupted by a slight noise and Doctor Paul, turning quickly, looked in the direction of the tents.

Cyrus was coming toward him, followed by the dogs.

“Good-morning, father,” said Cyrus; “Salvator and Junius are still asleep. I slipped out very quietly so as not to disturb them, especially poor Salvator. You must have noticed how tired he looked last night.”

“Yes, I noticed. He is a wonderful man. What should we have done without him?” answered Doctor Paul.

“He seems to know everything and always just what to do,” said Cyrus. “And he is so patient and cheerful, too! I am sure there isn’t

another man in the world like Salvator. I should have felt ashamed not to be up early this morning. I thought perhaps we could get breakfast ready before the others wake up."

"That is a splendid idea! What shall you do first?" asked his father.

"I am going to see just what provisions we brought from the *Tirreno* yesterday. Then we shall need a fire. But the one Selena made last night has gone out and all our matches are thoroughly soaked."

"Nothing is easier than to make fire," said Doctor Paul. "We can use the tinder box."

"Where is it, father?" asked Cyrus. "I have not seen it anywhere."

"I think we brought it, but if it is lost, we can still make a fire. We can make fire without either matches or a tinder box," added Doctor Paul.

"You are not joking, father?"

"No, indeed; I am quite serious. We need only some gunpowder and a lens to do it."

"Oh, now I understand," said Cyrus. "Well, we have plenty of gunpowder, and perhaps you can unscrew the lens from the spyglass. That settles the question of fire. But what about milk for Marie?"

“Suppose we row out to the *Tirreno* ourselves and get what we need for breakfast.”

“Oh, father, that will be fine! Let us get into the boat at once.”

Although neither father nor son was very skilful in managing the oars, they managed to reach the vessel in a comparatively short time.

While the father busied himself in the cabin, getting together the different articles needed, including sugar and coffee, Cyrus milked the goat; then he fed and watered the animals which were still on the ship.

“I have filled two hampers with food and some things for your mother,” said Doctor Paul, as he reached the deck again. “What else shall we take, Cyrus?”

“Let’s take some table linen and some books for Junius and Giselda and mother’s prayer book. I know she would like to have it.”

“You are a good son, Cyrus. Your mother will surely be pleased,” said Doctor Paul.

Cyrus looked at his father in surprise. He did not understand why he should be praised for what to him was perfectly natural.

On reaching the island they found Selena awaiting them at the landing place.

"Anything new?" asked Doctor Paul anxiously.

"No, Doctor," replied Selena. "Everybody else is still asleep. I saw the boat coming and so I thought I would be here to meet you and to help if necessary."

"What beautiful fish! How large they are!" said Selena, looking into the water. "If we could only catch some of them! Salvator has fishing lines and I know where he put them," went on Selena. "Shall I get them?"

"Let us do one thing at a time," said Doctor Paul, shaking his head. "Just now the most important thing is to get breakfast ready. You take this smaller hamper with food and linen, Selena; we shall bring up the other."

"And you would better take these two bottles," said Cyrus; "they are filled with milk for baby Marie. Be careful not to break them. . . . But what is that noise at the tent?" he added.

It proved to be Junius running about with the dogs.

"The thoughtless boy!" cried Selena, running to silence him. "He'll wake his mother."

But when they reached the tent they found everybody except Salvator up and dressed. Madame Paul had passed a most restful night. She was much pleased to receive the books Cyrus

had brought for Giselda and Junius, and the prayer book for herself.

Very soon a bright fire was blazing. Cyrus, profiting by his father's instructions, had lighted it by using the lens to collect the sun's rays into one spot, the great heat in that spot setting fire to some gunpowder which in turn started the dry twigs he had gathered. In less than half an hour breakfast was ready.

"Why don't we eat breakfast? I'm hungry," grumbled Junius, dancing about like a jumping jack.

"You must wait, Junius," said his father. "We are all going to wait for Salvator, except baby. Meanwhile, suppose you help Giselda and me set the table. Mother will tell us what to do," he added.

Junius did not dare object but he certainly made a very wry face.

Meanwhile, Selena, who had taken the baby down to the beach for a bath, returned, and Marie, pink and smiling, had her breakfast of warm goat's milk.

CHAPTER VIII

A BUSY DAY

When Giselda and Junius had finished, the table presented a very inviting appearance. Not only were the napkins, cups, and plates arranged in perfect order, but the different chairs and benches brought from the ship had been carried from the tents and placed in readiness.

"I think it is now time to call Salvator," said Junius.

Doctor Paul himself went to awake Salvator.

The old boatswain, rubbing his eyes, looked at his watch and, seeing the lateness of the hour, could hardly believe that he had slept so late.

"What a lazybones I am to sleep so late!" he exclaimed, jumping up. "What shall I get you to eat this morning?"

"Whatever you like," answered Doctor Paul. "But I warn you that we are as hungry as wolves."

After dressing as quickly as he could Salvator stepped outside the tent:

"Why, what does this mean?" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the table, with all the family seated around it.

"It means that you are not the only one that has the privilege of making himself useful," said Doctor Paul, smiling. "You have given us so many examples of industry that we were ashamed not to follow them. Isn't that so, Adelaide?"

"And Madame Paul is up, too!" exclaimed Salvator. "Well, what do you think of that!" he added.

"Yes; I, too," said Madame Paul, with a smile of greeting. "Though I am not entirely recovered, I am at least stronger and more courageous than I have been during the past few days. And I owe it to you, Salvator. Believe me, I feel the deepest gratitude to you for all you have done for me and my dear ones."

Thus speaking, the good lady fervently pressed the hand of the old sailor, as Doctor Paul made room for Salvator to sit beside him.

"Do stop talking, everybody, and begin to eat!" cried Cyrus. "Selena does not want the coffee to get cold."

Between mouthfuls, Cyrus informed Salvator of the trip made by himself and his father that

morning at daybreak, detailing all they had brought to make their home on the island as comfortable as possible. And then Selena told how she had waded into the bay, knee deep, and given a bath to little Marie.

“What!” cried Salvator. “Don’t ever do that again, Selena. You must not give the children another sea bath until I find you a place suited for it.”

“But the sea was so calm that there was nothing to fear,” answered Selena.

“From the sea, no,” said Salvator. “But sharks are to be feared; and there are many sharks in these waters. It would not be surprising if they were in the bay, too.”

“Sharks!” cried Madame Paul. “How horrible! Is it possible that Marie has been exposed to so serious a danger? Selena, I positively forbid you even to go *near* the water in future.”

“Sharks, as far as I know, cannot walk about on land, and so could not come up on the beach,” said Doctor Paul. “Therefore, my dear Adelaide, there is no reason to prevent the children from walking along the shore.”

“Must we give up all notion of sea bathing and swimming?” said Cyrus, greatly disappointed.

“Yes, we must,” answered Salvator. “Until

we find a place where the sharks cannot go, nobody should put a foot into the water. But before bothering ourselves about sharks there are many other things to be considered. First of all, shall we settle here or in some other part of the island?"

"Why should we leave such a beautiful spot as this?" said Madame Paul.

"We won't have to, if we can find a spring," said Salvator; "but, Madame, I have not yet seen any signs of fresh water near by."

"And just suppose we should not find water anywhere else!" said Madame Paul, in dismay.

"Have no fear, Madame. Cocoanut trees could not grow so well as they do here unless their roots were nourished by fresh water. And, since there must be water somewhere on the island, if it is not here, it is probably in the forest where the vegetation is so thick."

"Let us go exploring this morning to look for a spring," said Cyrus.

Salvator shook his head.

"Would it not be wiser," he said, "to take advantage of this fine weather we are having to make as many voyages as possible to the *Tirreno*? I am glad that the squall which threatened us yesterday has not reached us."



DOCTOR PAUL MADE ROOM FOR SALVATOR

“Your plan is best, Salvator,” said the Doctor. “Let us all three go on board and while Salvator rows to and from the shore, you and I can sort out the things we need and pack them up so that they can easily be carried on the boat.”

“But when can Salvator tell us any of his wonderful stories?” asked Junius. “He has promised us so often.”

“After we get settled, little man,” said Salvator. “I have so many stories here”—he touched his forehead — “that if I should write them down they would fill more than a hundred books. And they are all fine stories, too! When we are settled, in the very best part of the island, and when we have built our huts, I shall begin to spin my yarns, and I shall not stop until you and Cyrus, who are both so fond of wonderful tales, beg me to stop!”

Salvator and his two helpers immediately set forth for the *Tirreno*.

So well and rapidly did they work that long before sunset they had brought to the island a very large stock of provisions, furniture, tools, and other useful articles. Among the latter were included a good stock of bed and table linen, all the clothing from their trunks in the cabin, and the medicine chest. The provisions included

several bags of coffee, many boxes of ship biscuits, two whole quarters of salt beef and pork, twenty bags of flour, and a grindstone.

"Don't you think we have enough for to-day, Doctor Paul?" asked Salvator.

"Excuse me," was the reply. "I did not stop to think that you, who are so much older than I, must be very weary."

"I am not tired," replied Salvator, "but we must consider our poor boat. I am afraid that it will not remain afloat very much longer. Before it gives out, we ought to get the animals ashore."

"Are you not afraid to carry them in such a frail boat?" asked Doctor Paul.

"I should prefer them to swim ashore, of course," said Salvator, "but I am afraid they wouldn't get there. I have not much faith in the ability of these animals to swim."

"Let us try with one of the pigs."

"Very well," said Salvator.

A few minutes later a pig was thrown overboard. It commenced to struggle in the water, and, after several vain attempts to reach the ship again, it turned by instinct toward the island and swam rapidly in the direction of the shore.

"Bravo!" cried Cyrus, clapping his hands. "Bravo! That pig will soon reach land."

"Don't shout too soon, my boy," said Salvator; "poor piggy is not yet on land."

"But he is *almost* there," said Cyrus.

"Do you see that black shadow just below the surface of the water?" asked Salvator, pointing. "It is the back of a shark. Watch him. He is about to make a rush. Ah! he has our pig between his jaws. Poor little pig! And to think how useful he would have been to us! Now let's think how to save the other beasts from meeting the same fate."

"Can we not get them into the boat with their legs tied so that they will not try to swim ashore?" asked Doctor Paul. "We might take the sheep first and then the goats. We shall have no trouble with the chickens, of course."

"And the cow?" asked Cyrus.

"There is no way in which we can take her," answered Salvator. "All we can do is to supply her with plenty of hay and water so that she may not suffer hunger or thirst."

The getting of the sheep, goats, pigs, and chickens into the boat proved very difficult, as the animals struggled so violently that several times the boat was nearly swamped! However, the last trip was safely made before dark, and before Doctor Paul, Salvator, and Cyrus ate

supper with the rest of the family, the goats and sheep had been tethered for the night to the nearest cocoanut palms. The chickens were housed in the deck coop which had been brought from the ship, while the pigs had disappeared entirely.

"It will soon be necessary to build some kind of a stable," said Cyrus, as they sat round the fire after supper.

"Our first care must be to repair the boat. It is so rickety that I am afraid to trust it much longer," said Salvator.

"But a house for us, a regular house, is necessary, too. When shall we build one, Salvator?" asked Junius.

"Are you ready to help build it, Master Junius?" returned Salvator.

Doctor Paul, who considered this a joke, began to laugh.

"I am serious, Doctor," said Salvator. "The rainy season will soon be here and Junius and everybody else will have to help if we are to be housed in time."

"But how do you think we can build a *house*? Where shall we get the material?" asked the Doctor.

"You see all these cocoanut trees? Well, we

need no other timber. With these we could build a palace."

"I did not know that the wood of the cocoanut palm was so valuable," said the doctor.

"The cocoanut palm is so valuable that it, alone, is sufficient for man's needs. The wood is firm and so light that it can be easily carried from place to place by man himself. It is, nevertheless, soft enough to be worked easily and without specially high grade tools. Sawed into planks it can be used for flooring and siding. Some natives thatch their huts with the leaves, which are tough enough to keep out the rain for several years. From the finer leaf fibers comes the material from which matting of great beauty is made while the coarser fibers make excellent brooms and baskets. Potash is made from the ashes of burned cocoanut fiber.

"England finds the fiber of the husk of the nut itself valuable enough to be imported after it has been manufactured into ropes. It is more durable for this purpose than any other vegetable substance.

"We can use some of the fiber to fill up the cracks not only in our boat but, whenever it is necessary, in the flooring of our future house. In addition the meat of the nut is very nourishing

as food and from the shells serviceable cups and drinking vessels can be made."

"Is the sap of the tree of any particular use?" asked Cyrus.

"Certainly. The sap is gathered in a peculiar way. Cuts are made in the leaf buds at the top of the trunk and as the sap oozes out it is gathered daily by natives who climb to the top of the tree. The sap has much the appearance of water and makes a cooling drink. It also ferments very readily; in the fermented state it is known as palm wine, which is bottled and sent to Europe where it is sold as *arrack*.

"When the nut is half grown it contains a cream-like substance, to which, in the West Indies, sugar and sometimes orange blossoms are added, the combination being looked upon as a great delicacy. Then, too, the oil of the nut is almost as valuable as that of the almond.

"At the top of the tree is a cabbage-like shoot that has a delicious taste. It is seldom gathered by the natives, however, as its removal kills the tree. As you may believe, the tree is entirely too valuable to be lost in that way."

Of all the many good qualities of the tree mentioned by Salvator, Junius could remember only that it bore delicious fruit. Going up to Salva-

tor, he whispered, "Do you think you could get me a couple of those cocoanuts every day?"

"What a greedy boy you are!" said his father. "Are you not ashamed to ask Salvator, who is already so tired, to do anything more?"

"But, father, even if Salvator were willing to get cocoanuts for Junius," said Cyrus, "it is too dark for him to do so now."

"I remember reading," said Madame Paul, "that it is so difficult to separate the nut from the branch that the savages sometimes cut down the tree to get the fruit."

"How foolish!" said Doctor Paul. "That merely shows how thoughtless savages are. They seem, sometimes, to be only big children."

"But they lack the innocence of children," said Salvator.

"You are right, my friend, and instead of calling them big children we shall call them unfortunate, unhappy beings, who do not know what they are, nor what they will be, nor whence they came, nor whither they go. They are indeed children who travel the path of life, crushed by the weight of ignorance and sin, and unable in consequence to lift themselves to the dignity of civilized men."

"And it is the work of all enlightened people,"

said Madame Paul, "to teach these poor savages, so that the weight of ignorance may be lifted from them. Then they will learn how to live and work for each other."

"It is time that we all went to bed," said Doctor Paul, after a few moments of silence. "Junius, you should have been in bed long ago. Say good-night to your mother now, and go with Cyrus to our tent. Salvator and I will soon follow."

Half an hour later they were all peacefully sleeping, and silence reigned over the little camp, broken only by the restless movements of the sheep and goats tethered near by.

CHAPTER IX

SALVATOR TELLS A STORY

Next morning at breakfast Salvator talked but little. He seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I have reflected," he said, as he rose from the table, "that before we do anything further toward our final settlement here, even before we repair the damaged boat, we should make an exploring trip across the island."

"A good idea! Why don't we start at once?" said Cyrus, eagerly.

"Before we can start," answered Salvator, smiling at Cyrus, "we must decide what difficulties we are likely to meet, and prepare to overcome them. . . . What kind of a trip should we make and who will make up the party?"

"You and I," answered Doctor Paul, not being able to answer the first question.

"Paul, don't you think it would be better for you to stay with us?" asked his wife. "We might need you very much."

"But, my dear, I feel that I can be of more

use to Salvator than to you," replied Doctor Paul.

"Excuse me, Doctor," said Salvator: "I believe your wife is right. I think you ought to remain here to protect Madame Paul and the children. Cyrus will be enough for me."

"Don't you think Cyrus is too young to go on such a trip?" asked Madame Paul, who was uneasy at the thought of anybody leaving the camp for any length of time.

"My dear wife, you are unreasonable. What could Salvator do, should anything happen to him on such a journey, alone? How would we ever hear —"

"Mother dear," interrupted Cyrus. "Since father can not go, my place is with Salvator. I am sure you do not wish to prevent me from doing my plain duty."

"Well said, my son," said Doctor Paul, while Madame Paul, although proud of Cyrus's manly response, was still unwilling to consent. "I shall remain with your mother, and you shall go along with Salvator."

"Does this arrangement displease you, mother?" asked Cyrus.

"No, my child," answered his mother. "You are so brave and so good that I have to consent

to your going. I am ashamed to be so nervous and fearful," she added.

"Salvator and I are going to find a place where you will soon grow so well and strong that you'll never be nervous again," said Cyrus, kissing his mother's cheek.

"I shall certainly be proud of you, dear Cyrus," she replied, smiling.

"You mean, you will be proud of us all," said Cyrus.

This question being settled, Doctor Paul and Salvator, after some discussion, agreed that Salvator and Cyrus should try to work their way through the forest back of the camp, right across the island to the other shore.

It was also agreed that they should start the next morning at daybreak and that the travelers should take with them water and provisions enough for several days. They decided, moreover, to spend the rest of the day in preparations for the journey.

"Selenia," said Doctor Paul, "keep up the fire and cook us some meat and bake us some bread. Adelaide," he added, turning to his wife, "do you feel strong enough to make two bags from this piece of sailcloth for our travelers to carry their provisions in? In the morning, before they start,

Cyrus can fill these bottles with water from our barrel. I am going to sharpen two axes in readiness for them."

"And I," asked Junius, "what can I do? Tell me something to do, Salvator. Let me help, too."

"The very best thing you can do, and the way you can help the most, is to keep out of mischief while we are gone," said Salvator. "And if you want to be busy right now, you might turn the grindstone for your father, while he sharpens the axes."

Junius clapped his hands and ran as eagerly to the grindstone as if he were to be paid for his work.

Meanwhile, Salvator cleaned and oiled the guns, made a well twisted string to hold the dogs in leash, examined the provisions carefully, and packed and placed them where he could find them easily in the morning. He then sharpened two long hunting knives and put them ready in their sheaths.

"Shall we take the dogs with us, Salvator?" asked Cyrus, during a pause in the work.

"Yes, but only Fox and Spot. Fido we shall leave behind to guard the camp."

The day was almost over by the time their preparations were completed. While Madame

Paul with Selena and Giselda were getting supper, the others fed the animals and attended to whatever remained to be done in and around the camp.

When supper was ready, all sat down to table and, after the usual grace by Doctor Paul, began to eat heartily. Toward the end of the meal, when both their appetites and the conversation began to languish, Junius suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Salvator, when are you going to tell us one of those wonderful stories you promised us?"

"Salvator cannot tell stories to-night," said his father, before Salvator could answer. "As to-morrow he and Cyrus must rise very early, he will want to go to bed early, I think."

"Cyrus may go to bed if he wants to," said Junius pertly, "but I am sure Salvator does not want to go so soon. Why, it is only seven o'clock!"

"I am very sure I shall not go to bed if Salvator decides to oblige Junius by telling a story," said Cyrus. "Salvator's stories are worth listening to, I can tell you," he added.

"And why should I not oblige him?" asked Salvator.

"Then you *will* tell us a story, Salvator?" cried Junius, joyfully.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "How would

you like this evening to make a little journey to —”

“To the moon world?” interrupted Junius.

“No, to the world of fairies,” answered Salvator.

“Hurrah!” cried Junius. “Now please be quiet everybody! Salvator is going to tell us a story.”

“I shall not commence,” said Salvator, “until the Doctor gives me permission.”

“Do exactly as you wish, Salvator,” said the Doctor. “You can count upon my wife and myself being interested listeners, too. We shall, indeed, be grateful if you succeed in putting us in a more cheerful mood.”

“Then I shall begin at once,” said Salvator.

THE STORY

Many, many years ago there was a very rich merchant who had a son named Giannetto. He was a handsome boy, tall for his age, but of a simple turn of mind. His father wished him to learn a profession, but the lad soon wearied of everything in the line of study. Worse than all, he had a strong dislike for any and all kinds of business. He could not keep money in his pockets, for he had never succeeded in learning its proper

value. Whatever he had, he would willingly give away to his companions. Any rare or curious toy was, in his estimation, of more value than money.

His father worried a good deal about him, foreseeing that he would some day die of want. He often punished the boy severely, although punishment did no good. At such times the members of the household interceded for the boy, telling the father that Giannetto, as he grew older, would become wiser. Years passed, but unfortunately they did not bring wisdom to Giannetto.

One day the merchant called his son and said:

“Giannetto, it is about time that you learned something. It is my wish that you should succeed me in my business, and so you must learn it. I have decided to give you one more trial. See! Here are a hundred gold pieces. A fair is being held in the neighboring town. Go and buy me some fine linen with that money. Be careful not to show how trusting and innocent you are, for I should feel ashamed to have you cheated again.”

“Father,” said Giannetto, “I promise you that you will be satisfied and that you will not have to blush for me this time.”

“God grant it, my son. Now go, and do not loiter on the way as you usually do.”

Giannetto started out, firmly resolved to do as his father wished. His road obliged him to pass through a wood. When Giannetto reached the middle of this wood he saw, seated near the edge of a clear pool, a most beautiful young girl, so small that she seemed to be a fairy. She was busily occupied watching something in the hollow of her hand.

Giannetto, advancing through the trees, soon discovered that the something was a beetle. The little creature was standing erect on its hind feet playing a guitar most beautifully, to the evident pleasure of the girl. The boy stood for a while, delighted at what he saw and heard. At the end of a most enchanting air he was unable to restrain himself longer and, parting the branches in front of him, he said to the girl:

“Little lady, that is a most wonderful little creature. Will you sell it to me?”

“How much will you give me?” asked the girl.

“A hundred gold pieces; all I have with me,” answered Giannetto.

“Very well, you may have it.”

With these words, she placed the beetle in a small box filled with herbs and flowers and gave

it to Giannetto, who gave her in exchange the purse he had received from his father. He felt perfectly satisfied with his bargain as he turned back to the path. He had gone only a few steps, however, when the tiny girl called after him:

"Listen, young man, if you please. When you want your beetle to play the guitar do not forget to say, *Carabá*. Be sure to pronounce this word correctly."

"*Carabá! Carabá!*" repeated Giannetto. "I understand. Thank you. Good-by."

Giannetto, instead of going on to the next village, turned in the direction of his home. He stopped on the way at least thirty times, however, to pronounce the magic word and make the beetle play.

Feeling well satisfied with himself, he entered the house.

"Welcome home, Giannetto," cried his father, going towards him. "Have you made a good bargain so soon?"

"Yes, father," said Giannetto. "For your hundred gold pieces I have indeed secured a treasure."

"What is it? Not the linen? Perhaps you got cloth of silver, edged with pearls," said his father, smiling.



“ . . . THAT IS A MOST WONDERFUL LITTLE CREATURE. . . . ”

“Much better than that, father.”

“Ah! Perhaps some rare silk from India or China?”

“No; nothing of that kind. It is ever so much better than you could guess, — a beetle that can play the guitar in the most wonderful way.”

At these words the merchant believed for a moment that his son had lost his senses. But he quickly realized that what he considered madness was only the truth. Then, with his own eyes, he saw the beetle rise from its box, stand on its hind feet, and place the guitar in position to play.

“Father, did you ever see anything so wonderful?” cried Giannetto, as he saw his father’s arm raised to crush the beetle with a blow. The boy managed to dodge the blow and, holding the insect in the hollow of his hand, he ran off and locked himself in his room.

Time passed. Some months later the merchant again called his son.

“My son,” he said, “I wish to give you a chance to make up for your former foolishness in squandering a hundred gold pieces, in the purchase of an insect of no value whatever, instead of buying what I told you to buy. I shall be glad to pardon you,” he added, “on condition that you make good the damage you did then.

Listen. The best horse in my stables has just died. In the nearest town a merchant has offered some very fine horses for sale. Go there and buy me one. Here are a hundred gold pieces for payment. Be sure you get a horse of good breed. This time, I trust, you will give me a chance to praise you for cleverness."

Giannetto took the money and started on his way. Again he entered the wood and, arriving at the pool, he again found the same tiny girl seated near the brink. This time she held a grasshopper on the back of her hand. The insect was singing beautifully with enchanting trills and twitterings. Giannetto, in spite of his father's warning, was unable to restrain himself.

"Ah! beautiful damsel," he said, "your grasshopper surpasses all the nightingales in the world. Please sell me this rare little insect! To own it will be the greatest happiness of my life and I shall always be grateful to you."

"This insect is not for sale, but if it will give you so much pleasure to have it, I shall cheerfully deprive myself of it. What will you give me for it?"

"Alas! I know that all the money in the world is not enough to pay for it, but if you will be content with a hundred gold pieces . . ."

“You may take it,” said the girl, smiling, and she handed him the reed cage into which she had put the grasshopper. “When you want it to sing, just say, *Carabó!*”

Once more thoroughly happy, Giannetto returned home.

“What about the horse?” asked his father.

“Father,” said the young man, “do not be angry. Just listen,” he added, “it sings like an angel.”

“What!” exclaimed the father. “You have bought me a horse that sings like an angel! That is a real wonder. Still, if the animal is otherwise sound and strong, the singing is of no consequence. It will pass as an oddity, — perhaps the only horse of its kind in the world. But tell me what sort of voice has it? Tenor? Baritone? Bass?”

“Listen, and you will soon know,” said Giannetto, and very carefully he drew the grasshopper out of the cage.

As soon as he said *Carabó*, the insect sang so sweetly that the merchant, though he had little liking for music, was silent with pleasure. But the first impression over, he turned to his son and said:

“I asked you to buy me a horse and you have brought me a grasshopper. Whatever ability it

may have, I can not harness it to my carriage. When will you stop doing such foolish things? This time, however, I shall not scold you, but, to make up for your disobedience, we shall sell this insect and with the money purchase the horse I need."

But Giannetto would not give up the grasshopper.

Before very long, the merchant decided to make a third trial.

He sent his son to the next town to buy some wine of a superior quality that had been imported from a foreign country. He intended to give a grand dinner to celebrate his birthday, and he had already sent invitations to the richest and most important merchants of his acquaintance. The wine was to be the crowning touch to the banquet.

"I want you to realize," he said to his son, "how important is the business I now intrust to you. If you do well this time, you will regain my confidence and esteem."

Giannetto promised to do his best, sincerely meaning to please his father. He started for the next town, the road to which, unfortunately, obliged him, as on the former occasions, to pass through the wood. He entered it with the firm

resolution to take to his heels if he should again hear or see the beautiful fairy.

As he drew near the fountain, his heart beat so rapidly that he could hardly breathe. To be on his guard, he grasped tightly the purse in which were the hundred gold pieces given him by his father. He advanced cautiously, but he neither saw nor heard anyone until, just as he thought he was safe, he found himself face to face with the same young girl. This time she was busily engaged in watching a spider that was dancing on her hand.

There never was a stranger sight than this insect, dancing on its long, delicate-looking legs, slender as threads. It turned to the right and to the left; it bent forward and backward; and it made the most wonderful jumps and somersaults imaginable. Giannetto would willingly have stayed all day watching it.

The young girl, who was really a fairy, laughed at Giannetto's surprise and, as he became more and more interested in the spider, she encouraged the little creature with strange words, softly but distinctly uttered.

Soon Giannetto forgot all his good resolutions to secure the wine for his father's birthday banquet. He saw only the wonderful dancing spider,

and in a very few minutes the hundred gold pieces were in the possession of the girl and he was on the road back to his home with the enchanted spider. He felt certain that his father's guests and his father, too, would infinitely prefer the latter to any wine, no matter how delicious.

When he reached home the next day the guests were about to sit down to table, so nothing was said about the wine. Everything went well till the dinner was nearly over. When the desserts and fruit had been placed on the table the merchant rose from his chair and said to the guests:

“Gentlemen, you are now about to taste a most delicious wine imported from the Canary Islands. My son has just returned from purchasing it and you will be judges as to whether or not he has made a good bargain. Giannetto, see that the wine you have brought is served at once.”

At these words the young man also rose from his chair so that his words might be better heard and that he might better arouse the interest of all.

“Most illustrious gentlemen!” he said. “You have already had excellent wine this evening and you can have more in abundance, as my father's cellar is well supplied. But I have reserved for you a treat much finer than any wine in the world, a spectacle at once amusing and interesting.

On this plate, gentlemen, you will see a spider perform, with perfect precision, the most difficult dances and steps. Watch closely, if you please." And repeating the word *Carabí*, which was the word the little fairy had taught him to say when he wished the spider to dance, Giannetto placed the spider on the plate and held it up where everyone could see it.

At the sight, the guests burst into shouts of laughter, which so terrified the little insect that, instead of dancing, it took refuge in its master's pocket.

"The lad most likely wants to have a little fun with us with his mysterious *Carabí*," said one of the guests. "Try it again, Giannetto," he added.

"Go on, Giannetto!" exclaimed another. "Let us see your wonderful spider dance."

But the merchant was furious, and his voice could be heard above all the noisy talk.

"Ah! You rascal!" he shouted in a voice of thunder; "this is another trick of yours. It is the third one, gentlemen, and the worst he has played me, but it shall be the last! Off with you, good-for-nothing! Away with you and your worthless insects, or I shall be tempted to break every bone in your body."

As he spoke, he flung a heavy silver plate at

After a long time he reached a place where the houses were so low that he was obliged to stoop considerably in order to enter them.

The King, who was broken-hearted, proclaimed that whoever cured the Princess should have her for a wife and half of his kingdom as well. Gianetto, hearing of this proclamation, went to the palace to see what he could do, and was at once admitted. All who came on that errand were welcome.

The court was assembled, the beautiful invalid seated near her father under a rich canopy of crimson velvet, topped by a crown of sky-blue plumes. At the foot of the throne was a beautiful little table of white marble on which Giannetto placed his three insects. Bowing to the King and the Princess, he said in a loud voice, "*Carabá! Carabó! Carabí!*"

Instantly, the beetle began to play the guitar, the grasshopper to sing a beautiful song, and the spider to dance, keeping time in a wonderful way. The beetle and the grasshopper gave abundant proof of their skill, but the spider simply amazed everyone who saw it. It started with a Polish mazurka, then followed with a Roman tarantella, and ended with a stately promenade as carefully and as gravely performed as if on the stage of a great theater. The combination of so much grace and skill with such serious dignity in such tiny creatures was so comical that the Princess finally burst into hearty laughter.

The King was so astonished at this result that he looked at the little performance as if in a dream. The courtiers, all of them dwarfs, smiled maliciously. The happy little Princess did not at first notice Giannetto, who with his insects had

succeeded, in a few minutes, in curing her of her sadness.

Just as the King was about to announce that he would keep his promise, his counselors whispered to him that it would not be proper to give the Princess in marriage to a stranger of whom nobody knew anything and who was so very tall. It would be necessary, however, to find an excuse for breaking his word, and they suggested a good way for the King to get out of keeping his promise.

The King and Princess with all others present then sat down to a joyful feast at which Giannetto, who was so much taller than any of the others, seemed a giant in comparison. When the meal was over, the King, standing on his tiptoes, took Giannetto's hand.

"My dear friend," said the King, "from this moment I regard you as my son-in-law. But before you marry the Princess, I must fulfill a vow."

"What is it, your majesty?" asked Giannetto.

"I shall tell you in a few words. Not far from here lives an Ogre, who is my mortal enemy. I have waged war against him many times and I have finally compelled him to retire to his castle, situated on the summit of a lofty hill, in the midst

of a forest. This Ogre has the most beautiful and the most perfect horse in the world. This horse has the gift of speech and can talk just as well as you and I. Just before you cured my daughter, I made a vow that I would not give her hand in marriage to anyone, unless he brought me that horse."

"Is that all you wish me to do?" asked Giannetto.

"That is all."

"Very well; I shall try to get him for you."

The King, well satisfied, retired from the banquet room, while Giannetto went to consult with his three insects.

The beetle said, "Take this little ball of wax, given to me by a friend. When you arrive at the Ogre's stables, divide it into two parts and place one in each of the horse's ears. In this way you may take him wherever you will."

The grasshopper said, "You must know that the Ogre is passionately fond of music. At dinner, after he has eaten all he wants, he plays the harp with much skill. Put me in your pocket and you will profit by his love of music."

With the wax and the grasshopper in his pocket, Giannetto set out for the castle, which was surrounded by a moat full of water.

As Giannetto reached the castle, the Ogre descended from the upper air where he had been soaring. And, oh! how horrible he was to look at! His head was flat, his eyes were like fire, and his mouth was like a cave! He had the smallest kind of body and no legs! He had two immense wings, stretching out above his ears. While he was flying in the air he was horrible but, strangely enough, when he was on the ground he looked more or less like other people.

Giannetto fearlessly approached him, saying:

“Good morning, sir; how do you do?”

“Oh, I am very well,” answered the Ogre. “But who are you?” he continued in a terrible voice. “And what do you want on the top of my mountain?”

“Sir, I am a poor homeless boy,” answered Giannetto. “I have run away from the city where I was persecuted by your enemies, the dwarfs, and I am looking for work that will enable me to make a living.”

“What can you do?”

“I can take care of horses.”

“Very well. I happen just now to have one that needs special attention. He is not too big for you to handle, either. And for wages . . .

well, if you do your work well, I shall not eat you," he concluded, with a horrible grin.

When Giannetto found himself alone in the stable with the talking horse, he divided the wax ball into two parts and did as the beetle had told him. The wax gradually melted and the horse became perfectly deaf.

Then, fastening spurs to his heels, Giannetto jumped on the horse's back, drove the sharp points of his spurs into its flanks, and off they went at a gallop. All would have gone well had not the angry horse called out with a loud voice as they crossed the stable yard, "Master, master, take care! they are stealing me."

Immediately, the Ogre, followed by his wife and by many of his soldiers, ran out of the castle. Everything was in the greatest confusion, when suddenly the sweet voice of the grasshopper was heard singing. The Ogre and his soldiers, apparently forgetting all about the thief, stopped to listen as if enchanted.

Taking advantage of this, Giannetto rode quickly away and, soon afterward, delivered the talking horse in triumph to his future father-in-law.

The courtiers, filled with envy, felt compelled to congratulate Giannetto, in spite of their ill will. But when evening came they went to the King.

“Your majesty,” they said, “your daughter’s suitor is indeed clever. Why don’t you take advantage of the fact and make him bring you the Ogre’s famous bedquilt?”

“I will,” said the King.

So the next morning when Giannetto appeared before the King to claim the Princess, the King again put him off. He did not refuse to keep his promise, but said that during the night he had recalled another vow which must be fulfilled at once.

“What is the vow, your majesty?” asked Giannetto.

“It is this,” said the King: “The Ogre has on his bed a quilt of surpassing beauty. It is of crimson silk and lace embroidery, with silver fringe. But that is not all. There is worked in the center a life-sized rooster that crows at daybreak as if he were alive. On each of the four corners of the quilt is a hen that lays an egg as soon as the rooster crows. Thus the Ogre can have breakfast every morning without leaving his bed. I have made a vow to secure that wonderful quilt and I am sure that you are the one to enable me to fulfill it. I shall give this quilt to my daughter as a bridal present.”

“Is that all you wish? Very well; I shall try to get the quilt,” said Giannetto.

Giannetto was by this time convinced that the King was not sincere, but as he had determined to marry the Princess, he made up his mind to perform this task.

He immediately consulted his three insect friends and, having received from them exact instructions, he started for the Ogre’s castle.

When he reached it, he had great difficulty in crossing the moat. Then, when he tried to enter the castle, he found that every door and window was closed. The Ogre had become suspicious.

Giannetto was just about to lose courage when the spider, which had crawled to the top of the castle wall, exclaimed: “Under yonder balcony I see a rope!” At the same time she let down a thread, which she had spun herself, and which was strong enough to bear the boy. By this rope Giannetto climbed to the top of the wall, and then making his way to the balcony, quickly climbed to the Ogre’s window by the rope the spider had pointed out. By good luck the window was open, so that he soon found himself in the Ogre’s chamber, where he hid himself under the bed.

The Ogre, who had retired early after a hearty

supper, was fast asleep and snoring loudly. After waiting a few minutes, Giannetto began very cautiously to pull off the quilt. When it was halfway off, the Ogre awoke and, thinking that the quilt had slipped, pulled it back and went to sleep again. Giannetto then pulled the quilt from the other side and soon it was all on the floor. But this time the Ogre was fully awake and, stretching out his arm in the dark to find the quilt, he grasped Giannetto's cap instead.

"Thieves! Robbers! Light! Help!" he shouted, jumping out of bed.

But Giannetto, grasping the quilt, had already jumped on to the window sill and, sliding down the rope to the ground, he quickly reached the wall, which by the help of another spider thread he climbed safely, and soon he and the friendly spider were on their way to the palace.

When they reached the palace, Giannetto immediately delivered the magic quilt to the King. The envious courtiers were again compelled to praise him, although they were greatly annoyed at his success. They advised the King to give Giannetto a grand feast, but secretly, however, they determined to ruin the lad if they could. They therefore visited the King at night and said:

"Your majesty, guard yourself well from this

dangerous young man. You are already under too many obligations to him, and fortune favors him entirely too much. If he becomes your son-in-law he will not expose himself to further dangers. He may even join forces with the Ogre against you. Strike, then, while the iron is hot, and insure your safety and that of the entire kingdom by demanding that he conquer the Ogre now and take his castle."

Now, the King, to do him justice, was naturally a kind-hearted man, and he did not wish to listen to the wicked courtiers. But fearing to anger them by refusing, and excited by the thought of taking the Ogre's castle, he decided to follow their suggestion.

Again Giannetto was called, and again his marriage with the Princess was postponed until the Ogre and his castle should be taken.

Giannetto, as usual, said that he would try to do as the King wished.

He immediately consulted with his good insect friends. The beetle told him to go to the castle, well provided with snuff. The grasshopper told him to secure a quantity of leaf tobacco and roll it into cigars, which he must take with him to the castle; and the spider instructed him how he should use both the snuff and the cigars after he got there.

Giannetto reached the castle during the absence of the Ogre and made his way into the castle garden. The Ogre's wife, who saw him examining the plants, asked him if he understood botany.

"Yes, Madame Ogre, and I am especially expert in the cultivation of tobacco."

"That is very fortunate, young man, as my husband uses quantities of it. But how can I be certain of your skill?" she asked.

"I will show proof of it, Madame Ogre. Here are some very fine cigars which are samples of what I can do in that line. I cheerfully present them to you as a gift for your husband. Here also is a box of most excellent snuff which will clear the head without making one sneeze."

"Snuff without sneezing!" cried the Ogre's wife. "That is something I have wanted for a long time. I am just longing for a pinch of snuff, but as a gipsy one day told my husband that, if he should ever hear me sneeze four times, it would be the end of him, he won't let me have any snuff. Just now, however, my husband is away and, if what you tell me is true, I shall have the great treat of taking a pinch of snuff."

Giannetto, who had just seen the Ogre flying in the distance, at once offered the snuff box,

saying, "Madame Ogre, you are welcome to help yourself."

"I am much obliged to you," said the Ogre's wife, as she took a generous pinch of snuff, "and, as a reward, I shall employ you as one of my gardeners."

"I thank you, Madame Ogre, with all my heart," said Giannetto.

"Ah! That snuff is indeed excellent," said the Ogre's wife, with a satisfied sniff.

"Take as much as you wish, Madame Ogre. Meanwhile, I shall walk through the garden," said Giannetto, who saw that the Ogre was about to alight.

"You are at liberty to do as you please," she replied.

In a few minutes the Ogre descended and his wife gave him the present of cigars Giannetto had left for him.

While he was smoking peacefully, his wife gave a tremendous sneeze, which she repeated three times, each time more loudly than before. At the first sneeze, the Ogre was greatly surprised; at the second he trembled with fear; at the third he took flight, rising rapidly in the air.

The Ogre's wife, remembering what the gipsy had foretold and fearing for her own life, fled

from the castle, — up steeps, over rocks, and into ravines, until at last she fell over a precipice, breaking her neck. Meanwhile, the Ogre, blind with fear, knocked his monstrous head with such force against the side of the mountain that he died from the blow.

Giannetto, who had seen everything from the top of a tall tree, returned to the castle, where, fastening a white sheet to a long pole, he placed it on the highest tower of the castle. He then returned to the royal palace, shouting:

“Victory! Victory! Your majesty, the castle is yours.”

It would seem that, after so many trials, the King would be obliged to keep his promise to Giannetto without further delay. But bad faith is rich in excuses, and envious persons are never poor in wickedness and fraud.

By means of spies the courtiers had succeeded in discovering how Giannetto had worked so many wonders and how he had been able to triumph over every obstacle. They realized that, so long as he had such powerful friends as the three insects, he would be able to defeat all their plots and that in the end he would become the King's son-in-law.

After his last triumph, Giannetto believed that

there was nothing for him to do but to appear before the King and call upon him to keep his promise. But, to his disappointment, the King, prompted by his courtiers, instead of giving him the Princess, said:

“My dear son, you know by that name how much I love and esteem you. But since you have shown me how greatly you value my peace of mind, I must tell you that my greatest desire now is to complete my wonderful collection of insects. In order to do this, I need the magic beetle of Egypt, the magic grasshopper of Palestine, and the magic spider of Assyria. I have just learned that you are the owner of all three insects. Now I want you to make me a present of them. If you will do this, I shall see that they are fastened with silver pins in a beautiful glass case on a rich pedestal inscribed with these words, ‘A gift from my son Giannetto.’ As your name will be carved in letters of gold, you will be admired and honored both by my present subjects and by their children’s children.”

His majesty believed that the young man would agree to this request, just as he had to the previous requests, but he was mistaken. Giannetto, whose face showed his anger and disgust, hesitated for a moment and then replied bravely:

“Your majesty, I am well aware that you have evil counselors. But even if you, forgetting your dignity, allow yourself to be misled by them, I cannot forget or be ungrateful to those faithful little friends who have helped me so often and so well. These harmless insects have been my benefactors and I owe them eternal gratitude. Keep your daughter and keep your kingdom. I desire neither the one nor the other. But as for my dear insect friends, they shall not fall into your hands, to be pinned in your collection, nor into the claws of your wicked courtiers.”

The King, although ashamed in his heart, was nevertheless exceedingly angry at Giannetto's bold words, and the matter might have ended badly for our hero had not a most unexpected thing happened.

As the King was about to speak, three beautiful, noble-looking young girls entered the hall. They were of medium height and very richly dressed. Advancing to the throne, they bowed most graciously to the King, and then, turning to Giannetto, the tallest of them said:

“My dear Giannetto, the brave words which you have just spoken, and which we heard in the other room, have fully convinced us of the nobility of your character. We are three fairies,

sisters, who, by the enchantment of a wicked magician, were changed into the three insects you have just befriended. In this form, we were obliged to suffer for our fault, which was pride, and to continue in the form of insects until we had found some one generous enough to be willing to sacrifice himself for us. You have freed us, and you have earned our undying gratitude and affection. As a proof of the sentiment we feel toward you, we now proclaim you as the King of our country.

“We can assure you that as our King you will be very happy, for our people are very loyal to their sovereign, and they will defend you from all enemies. Like the old Irish wolf dog, they are

‘Gentle when stroked
But fierce when provoked,’”

concluded the fairy.

The King and his courtiers were speechless with amazement, but Giannetto, who was as we have seen a fluent talker, said:

“My dear Lady, I do not deserve so much honor, as I have done only that which I thought was my duty. One must never forget a kindness, and one is fortunate when he has the opportunity to show his gratitude. Nevertheless, since you

and your sisters wish to honor me so greatly, I shall not refuse your kindness. I therefore accept the throne you offer, and I hope to prove myself worthy of it. May I make one condition, however: that you and your sisters remain near me always as my friends and advisers?"

As Giannetto finished speaking, the three sisters approached him and, extending their right hands, they said with the solemnity of an oath:

"We shall always be the faithful friends of King Giannetto."

"And so," concluded Salvator, "Giannetto and his fairies went . . . guess where."

"To his kingdom," cried Junius.

"By no means," said Salvator.

"But, why not?" demanded Junius.

"Because Giannetto could not live happily in his new kingdom without first obtaining his father's pardon. Therefore they all went first to his father's home."

"Did his father pardon him?" asked Junius.

"Of course he did, after making him promise to be obedient in the future," replied Salvator.

"Obedient even when he was King?" asked Junius.

“Even when he was a King,” replied Salvator. “And with this understanding his father consented to accompany Giannetto to his new kingdom, where they all lived happily ever afterward.”

“And now let us all go to bed,” said Doctor Paul.

CHAPTER X

SALVATOR AND CYRUS EXPLORE

Next morning Cyrus was the first to arise. He had lain awake a great part of the night thinking of the excursion into the interior of the island that Salvator had proposed and which would, perhaps, have much that was pleasant and much that was unpleasant in store for them.

Salvator soon joined him outside the tent, greatly pleased to find Cyrus ready so early. Then very quietly they loosed the dogs and, just as the sun was rising in splendor from the sea, they started off in the direction of the forest. Each carried an ax in his belt and a musket on his shoulder, in addition to a bag of provisions on his back.

"These axes are certainly heavy," said Cyrus, as they went forward at a good pace. "Why did we bring them?"

"We shall use them to mark our road. If we did not do this, it might be difficult to find our way back," answered Salvator.

"To tell the truth, I don't see how we can mark a road with axes," said Cyrus.

"You will soon see," said Salvator. "From time to time, as we go deeper into the forest, we shall *blaze* the trees, as the Americans say."

"But the blaze may spread," objected Cyrus.

"To blaze a tree has nothing to do with fire," replied Salvator, laughing. "It simply means to chip the trunks of the trees with the edge of the ax. The blow must be hard enough to loosen some of the bark so that the cut, or *blaze*, as it is called, will remain visible."

"That is a very good method of marking the path," said Cyrus. "Did savage natives invent this plan?"

"No. I rather think it was made use of by the first colonists in America. The savages have other methods by which they can find their way out of the densest forests."

"I remember some of them," said Cyrus. "They tell by the moss on the trunks, by the direction in which the branches grow, and —"

"Yes," interrupted Salvator, "and you must not forget that savages have fine hearing and very sharp sight."

Meanwhile, as they went along, they made

notches in the trees with their axes from time to time.

"I hope that this precaution will be sufficient," said Salvator. "In case it should not, I have brought with me a most valuable companion."

"I don't see him," said Cyrus.

Salvator laughed again. Then, taking a small object out of his pocket, he held it up before Cyrus.

"Ah! Captain Sturla's compass. Salvator, you think of everything!" exclaimed Cyrus, admiringly.

"Not of everything, but of many things," said Salvator, modestly. "Just now I am thinking especially of the necessity of finding a spring of fresh water, without which we cannot exist on the island," he added.

"But didn't you tell us the other night that we were certain to find water?"

"Yes; I told you that, because the rich vegetation of the island proves to me that there is water on the island. But where is it? That is the great question. It may be hidden in the bowels of the earth, so that we shall have to dig for it. But why bother ourselves about that now?" added Salvator. "Let us rather get ahead as far as possible on our journey."

“How far do you expect to go?” asked Cyrus.

“Until we reach the other side of the island, — the side that is opposite to the wind,” replied Salvator.

“What do you mean by ‘opposite to the wind’?” asked Cyrus.

“In these latitudes the wind blows almost constantly from one of two directions. One of the shores, therefore, is always exposed to the wind, while the other is sheltered. The marine terms for these two conditions are *windward* and *leeward*, which names are applied to the opposite shores of an island. I should also tell you that our camp is on the windward shore. The wind, therefore, ought to blow now on our backs, — a matter which is very easy to prove.”

“How can you prove it when there is now hardly any wind?” laughed Cyrus.

“Lift a finger in the air,” said Salvator.

Cyrus obeyed.

“I don’t feel the slightest thing,” he declared.

“Now moisten your finger and lift it again,” said Salvator.

“Oh! yes; now I feel the air! But why?” asked Cyrus.

“Because your finger, being moist, is more sensitive to the breeze.”

They plodded on in silence. Suddenly Cyrus, who was a step or two in advance of Salvator, stopped short. "Listen!" he said in a low voice. "Do you hear that noise?"

"It is the dogs growling," said Salvator, after listening a moment. "Something is the matter ahead of us. Do not move from here. I shall be back in a moment."

Grasping his gun, Salvator rushed toward the dogs, which were now barking furiously. Cyrus had barely lost sight of his companion when he heard a loud burst of laughter, and a moment later the pigs that had been brought from the *Tirreno* ran past him, followed by the dogs at full speed, barking and yelping with excitement.

"Here, Fox! Here, Spot!" cried Salvator, as he and Cyrus resumed their journey. But the dogs paid not the slightest attention to him.

"They will soon tire of chasing those pigs," said Salvator. And so it proved, for ten or fifteen minutes later the dogs reappeared panting and blown. The pigs had evidently escaped them by pushing into the thickest parts of the forest, where the dogs were unable or unwilling to follow them.

"Well, my boy, our first adventure was not so very terrible, was it?" said Salvator, smiling.

"No; I only hope we may meet with nothing

more dangerous," answered Cyrus. "But I must admit that I was badly frightened for a moment."

"You were not really frightened. You have too much courage and presence of mind to be frightened so easily," said Salvator. "If you had been really frightened, you would probably have run away."

"I hope, Salvator, that I shall never be as frightened as that. I don't think I'd run away as long as I thought you were in danger."

"Well, fortunately we don't have to worry about that, just now. It is necessary, however, not only to be courageous but also to be prudent. So let us be ready for anything." As he spoke, Salvator examined both guns carefully. "Many accidents are occasioned by not being prepared," he added.

After four hours of steady traveling, they began to feel somewhat tired. They had reached a small open space which resembled a meadow covered with a fresh carpet of green, studded with flowers and surrounded by trees. As they stopped to rest, both at the same moment were struck with the same idea.

"Suppose we eat something! Aren't you hungry, Salvator?" asked Cyrus.

"I was just thinking that it must be nearly dinner time," replied the older man.

They sat down in the shadow of a flowering acacia and, opening their provision bags, they took out what they needed for their first meal.

The dogs stuck close to Cyrus, knowing him to be generous with them in the matter of food. He was already pouring some water into a tin bowl for them, when Salvator stopped him, saying,

"Not a drop of water to the dogs, Cyrus."

"But the poor things are thirsty. See how their tongues hang out!"

"So much the better," replied Salvator. "The thirstier the dogs are, the more useful they will be. You will see how, very soon. Meanwhile, we must finish our dinner and not lose time in needless chatter. We have still to travel a good distance. According to my calculations we are not half way."

In a very few minutes they had finished eating and were again on the march. After they had gone about three miles further, our travelers found themselves in a part of the island much more rugged than the side on which they had landed. The soil was uneven and stony, and here and there small, rocky hills barred their way, which was now upward.

"Our road is becoming more and more difficult, Salvator," said Cyrus.

"We should not complain of that, Cyrus."

"Why not?"

"Because the more uneven the ground the more easy it will be to get at the water that must be underground; unless, of course, we should be fortunate enough to find a surface spring."

Another hill rose directly ahead of them. Cyrus was very tired. The perspiration fell in large drops from his forehead. Even the two dogs were exhausted and followed with drooping ears and tails and outstretched tongues. From time to time they gave a low whine, as much as to say, "It's time to rest." Salvator, however, continued to walk on with firm and steady step.

At the foot of the hill, Cyrus was plainly discouraged.

"Cheer up, Cyrus!" said Salvator. "When we reach the top, I can assure you that you will not regret the effort."

"Forward, then!" agreed Cyrus.

The ascent was most difficult. The underbrush was so dense that they were often obliged to use their axes to clear a path. At last, after strenuous exertion, they reached the summit, where,

as Salvator had said, all their weariness was forgotten.

The summit appeared to be quite an extensive plateau covered here and there with verdant groves of cocoanut and other palms and banana trees. Beyond the plateau, they could see a long, bright strip which reflected the sun's rays like a mirror.

"The sea! The sea!" exclaimed both, as if with one voice.

"How I wish mother could see this!" exclaimed Cyrus. "If she thinks the other side of the island is beautiful, what would she say to this!"

In fact no more beautiful scene could be imagined or desired. In the distance, the forest trees stopped abruptly at the edge of the clearing. A gentle slope covered with dense vegetation led to another green expanse, level enough to arouse envy in the most skillful Dutch gardener. This second meadow was separated from the sea by a strip of brilliant, white, sandy beach broken here and there by groups of fantastically shaped rocks. The beach at this point curved like a horseshoe, forming a bay, which was also a fine natural harbor. The sea was deep blue save where, breaking on rocks that glistened like mother of pearl, it broke in creamy foam.

The rocks, which extended seaward for a distance of three or four miles like sentinels keeping guard, were thickly covered with birds. From time to time some of these dived head first into the water, quickly reappearing with fish in their beaks. Others contented themselves with skimming the surface, barely touching it with their wings, while the mother birds brooded tranquilly on their nests, or fed their young.

For some little time Salvator and Cyrus stood in silence admiring the view. Salvator's gaze went from the rocks along the shore to the bay, then to the horizon, all of which he observed carefully.

"No one has ever seen a more beautiful spot!" exclaimed Cyrus, breaking the silence at last.

"Yes, the surroundings are perfect, but I would admire them still more if we had found fresh water!" responded Salvator.

"Oh, dear! I had quite forgotten that," said the weary Cyrus.

"As I have already told you, the lack of fresh water would soon compel us to leave the island or perish with thirst."

"It is a pretty serious thing, isn't it?" said Cyrus. "I don't wonder you are troubled."

"I believe this island is one of a group, some of



. . . SALVATOR AND CYRUS STOOD . . . ADMIRING THE VIEW.

which may be inhabited. It is quite clear to me now that this one is not inhabited, and that it is probably the outermost and, therefore, the most isolated of the group," said Salvator, thoughtfully.

"What makes you think that?" asked Cyrus.

"Because, wherever I have gazed I have been unable to find any sign of land. But let us not worry too much. I think it is time to rest and eat again."

"Let us go down on the seashore," said Cyrus.

"Yes; but first let us blaze these trees at the end of our path. In case of danger we could then quickly find the beginning of our road back."

No sooner had our travelers finished their repast than they set out to explore the shore of the bay.

"If anyone could see us," said Cyrus, "he would take us for idlers."

"And he would not be far wrong," replied Salvator. "The day is nearly gone and we have not accomplished anything worth while."

They walked on in silence. . . .

"What are you looking at so attentively, Salvator?" asked Cyrus after a few minutes.

"I am trying to make out that whitish strip yonder that slopes from the hill directly toward

the sea. If I am not mistaken it is the dry bed of a small stream."

"And supposing you are right, Salvator; what then?"

"Just this: that if there is water on the island we ought to find it somewhere in that direction. To-morrow we shall explore in that direction. If we find water there, we must next search for a safe spot in the bay where we can land our boat. It is my intention to bring here by sea everything from the camp, and whatever else we can get from the *Tirreno*. The journey through the forest is too difficult to bring these things by land. It would be an undertaking far beyond our strength."

A cry of delight from Cyrus interrupted Salvator.

"Do you see that beautiful flower?" he exclaimed, pointing to the edge of the water.

"Why don't you pick it?" said Salvator, with a smile.

Cyrus at once ran to the water's edge and stooped to reach the flower, but to his surprise it closed up at his touch.

"It is a living flower!" he cried. "It felt like flesh!"

"It is flesh, living flesh," said Salvator. "That

animal is difficult to classify. It is neither a mollusk nor a fish and is known as the sea anemone. The natural history of the ocean is one of the most admirable pages in the story of Creation. If I had only been able to go to school more when I was a boy, I should have devoted myself to this branch of learning. My whole mind would have been given to this one subject. But look!" he exclaimed; "I have just made another discovery!"

With the barrel of his gun the old sailor pointed out a large brownish mass some distance ahead, which appeared to be digging a hole in the sand.

"What in the world is that?" asked Cyrus.

"It is an unusually large sea turtle," said Salvator. "It has probably come ashore to lay its eggs."

"Is sea turtle as good to eat as land turtle?" inquired Cyrus.

"It is very much finer flavored and more nutritious," answered Salvator.

"Then we can all have plenty of turtle soup, unless the turtle we see is only here by chance. In that case, good-bye to turtle soup for us!" said Cyrus, laughing.

"There ought to be plenty of them about here," said Salvator. "They come to land at

certain times in the year to lay their eggs in the sand."

"That means that we can only eat them occasionally, then."

"They can be eaten all the year round if we will take the trouble to dig a pond, where they can be kept without escaping," said Salvator.

"That is another thing we must do after we have found water and moved our camp," said Cyrus. "Can they be caught easily?" he asked.

"Yes. But they must be approached cautiously so as to avoid getting a shower of sand in the face, for the turtles, using their hind feet for that purpose, hurl it with great force against their assailants. It is best to attack them from the front and then turn them over on their backs. In this position they can neither defend themselves nor even get on their feet again."

By this time, they had reached the end of the bay. Here the coast made a sharp turn so that a part of the sea formerly hidden now came into view. Suddenly Salvator uttered a loud exclamation.

"Look, Cyrus!" he cried. "Look yonder, and tell me what you see," pointing off shore.

"It looks like another island!" said Cyrus.

"It is an island, I am sure, although it is barely

visible. Some day we may be able to investigate, if God spares our lives," said Salvator. "But come, Cyrus, before it gets dark we must find a sheltered spot where we can pass the night in safety."

"Do you think we are in any danger?" asked Cyrus, anxiously.

"No. But who can tell?" said Salvator. "Eight days ago, for example, you never dreamed that circumstances would compel you to sleep under the open sky on a desert island, guarded only by an old sailor, as you will do to-night."

Walking a short distance back from the shore, Salvator selected as their sleeping place a sheltered spot at the foot of some overhanging rocks. After a light meal, Cyrus fed the two dogs. Then, after Salvator, on his knees, had asked God to protect them during the night, our two travelers stretched themselves beside Spot and Fox and were soon sound asleep, too tired even to dream.

CHAPTER XI

SALVATOR AND CYRUS SELECT A NEW CAMP

On awaking next morning Cyrus and Salvator were greatly surprised to find the sun already high in the heavens. They had slept more than ten hours as comfortably as those who, after having passed many nights in the open, finally rest in a good bed sheltered from the weather.

Almost before they were on their feet they heard a confused noise of whining some distance away.

“What can that be?” said Cyrus.

“It must be the dogs,” said Salvator. “As they were so thirsty, they are probably searching for water,” he added.

“Poor things! I tell you, Salvator, that although I have a keen appetite this morning, I shall not be able to touch a morsel of food unless you let me give the dogs a little water.”

“Very well, then, you will have to stay hungry, for I cannot grant your request. Let the dogs search for water if they are thirsty,” said Salvator,

rather sternly. "Do you not understand that the dogs, driven by their great thirst, may find water before we do?"

Cyrus at last understood Salvator's apparent cruelty.

"Do you really believe the dogs will find water?" he asked.

"If there is any here, I firmly believe they will. Let us get our breakfast now, my boy, and leave the dogs for a while to their own devices."

Soon they were eating their frugal breakfast of bread and cheese with some fresh bananas which Cyrus had picked from the trees near by.

Suddenly they heard the dogs again. This time, instead of whining, they were uttering a succession of short, sharp barks. From the sound, they could not be very far away.

"Do you hear that?" cried Salvator, in great excitement. "I will wager they have found water already! Come on, Cyrus, let us find out at once," he added, jumping to his feet and starting to run in the direction of the barking, with Cyrus at his heels.

It was just as Salvator expected. The dogs, half mad with thirst, had sniffed about until they found a spring of the precious liquid, and Fox and Spot were drinking as though they could never get

enough. The spring, half hidden in a large pool shaded by trees, was so clear and limpid that one could easily see the pebbles and sand at the bottom. The water that overflowed from the pool had dug out a little channel by which it wandered slowly to the sea, murmuring softly between the rocks.

With a most fervent "Thank God," Salvator and Cyrus returned to finish their breakfast, giving a double portion to each of the dogs, as a reward for their intelligence.

"I have decided," said the old sailor, as they finished, "now that we have found an abundance of water, that we shall settle on this side of the island. Here everything is favorable, — the air, the sea, and the vegetation. Besides, on this side we can see the other land."

"Do you think the other land is inhabited?" asked Cyrus.

"No; I do not believe it is inhabited. If it were, we would surely have found some traces of the natives on this island, as it is so near. I hope it is not inhabited, for I should not like to think that only a few miles away there exists a continually threatening danger from which we could find no escape."

"What do you fear, Salvator?" asked Cyrus, in an anxious tone.

"Knowing what I know about the natives of the islands in this latitude, I fear cannibals," he answered.

"I have read dreadful stories about cannibals," said Cyrus.

"Not everything we read is true, of course. But on the other hand, we cannot say that everything they tell about cannibals in these islands is false. In any case, let us thank Providence that we have so far escaped that danger," said Salvator, solemnly. "But," he continued, "we must lose no time talking. Who knows what other surprise is in store for us?"

They started to explore the bay in the direction opposite to the one taken the day before. As they advanced, they drew nearer to a bold, rocky cape, which extended a considerable distance into the sea. The water was so still and so transparent that whole schools of fish could be distinctly seen from the shore.

"That looks like a shark over there," said Cyrus pointing to a dark shadow on the surface of the water.

"Yes, that is a shark," said Salvator, "and it is of a very large kind. But there must be more than one, for these animals frequent the lee shores of these islands in large numbers. Later

on, after we build our house, we shall dig an inlet in which we can bathe without fear of sharks. But it is time now to get back," he added.

"Can't we go round the point of the island?" asked Cyrus.

"To what purpose?" answered Salvator. "We have seen all that is necessary. What we have to do now is to carry the good news to our dear ones in the camp. Your mother must be worried about you. Besides, it is a long distance back to the entrance to the wood, where our return journey really begins. Before we start we will lighten our bags by hiding near the spring all our provisions except just enough to last the journey back. We must not forget, however, to fill a large flask with water from the spring."

"Two, two, Salvator; one to drink on the road, and the other for those who expect us at home."

"At home?" said Salvator, smiling. "Already you call it home!"

"Well, in the camp then, if you like that better. Anyway," he added, after a moment's silence, "whether it is home or not, I never felt happier in my life than I do now."

"Nor I," said Salvator. "The good God must

be with us, since he permits us to be so happy," he added.

"The good God!" repeated Cyrus. "For many years I was almost ashamed to put those two words together. The expression seemed to me a childish one which I could not use as I grew older. But since the shipwreck and our experience on this island, I cannot call Him anything but the good God!"

"That is because you now understand how weak and helpless man is alone. You now know that man, whatever may be his strength and intelligence, is but a stammering infant in the presence of his Creator. Yes, in growing older, we change, but God is always the same. He is always the good God who protects and blesses us," concluded Salvator, speaking more to himself than to Cyrus. . . .

At one part of the coast the travelers, who were now walking quickly, stopped before a singular spectacle. Great numbers of sea birds were resting on the shore and not, as is their custom, skimming the surface of the waves. At the approach of Cyrus and Salvator they rose in thousands, forming a huge cloud above their heads; then they gradually settled again.

"What are all those birds doing?" asked Cyrus.

“Let us wait and see. I promise you the sight will amuse you.”

Salvator had hardly finished speaking when a vast quantity of small fish near the shore suddenly leaped into the air, and then fell upon the sand in a living, squirming heap, which gradually covered the entire shore. This was evidently what the birds were waiting for, as they immediately settled and then rose, each carrying a fish in his curved beak.

“What stupid fish!” exclaimed Cyrus. “What possessed them to come on shore?”

“The instinct of self-preservation,” answered Salvator. “The smaller fish leaped on the shore to escape from larger fish that were pursuing them from behind.”

“Ah! Now I understand,” said Cyrus; “so that, between the two—”

“The birds have had a feast,” concluded Salvator. “A drowning man, you know, will grasp at a straw to save himself.”*

“But what I still do not understand is the presence of the birds just when the fish were being driven on shore.”

“Sea birds have very keen sight,” said Salvator. “They probably had been watching the chase from above.”

* The Italians say, “A drowning man will grasp at a razor.”

At this moment the dogs returned, barking and wagging their tails with a most knowing air.

“What do you think they want to tell us?” asked Cyrus. “Good Spot! Good Fox! What have you found now?”

“They have probably found another spring,” said Salvator.

The old sailor was right. Following the dogs’ lead away from the shore, they soon reached a sort of natural grotto or cave, where they could hear the sound of water dropping. Just inside the grotto was a small pool of clear fresh water, which was evidently fed by a spring farther inside. The dogs, by a great wagging of tails and a series of short, joyful barks, plainly invited them to drink.

After a deep refreshing draught of the finest water they had ever tasted, they filled their flasks and, turning their backs upon the grotto, began with light hearts their long journey back to the camp on the other side of the island.

CHAPTER XII

THE EXPLORERS RETURN TO CAMP

Salvator and his young companion, guided by the blazed trees, made the return journey through the forest in four hours, although two days before it had taken eight. Long before they were in sight of the tents, the dogs rushed ahead, announcing their approach by joyous barking.

Doctor Paul and Junius ran forward to meet the returning travelers, and you may well believe they were given a most hearty and joyous welcome.

“God be praised,” exclaimed Madame Paul, as they reached the tents. “You have returned safely!”

“Safe and sound, and with good news,” said Salvator. “We have found a most beautiful spot in which to settle, where there is an abundance of fresh water, the want of which I so greatly dreaded. In a few days we shall remove from here, taking the tents and all our belongings.”

“So soon?” asked Madame Paul.

“The sooner, the better, in this case, dear Adelaide,” said Doctor Paul. “For in this fine place that Salvator and Cyrus have found, we shall not only have plenty of fresh water near at hand, but we shall be able to make a much more comfortable place to live in than we could possibly do here. We are going to build a house up there, you know,” he added.

Just then, Selena announced that supper, which had been put forward in honor of the returning travelers, was ready. The latter needed no second call, and soon they, with the others, were seated before a well-cooked meal of mutton stew, potatoes, bread, and coffee.

Salvator and Cyrus naturally did most of the talking, as everybody else was anxious to hear the story of their adventures. Each in turn therefore was obliged to relate what he had seen and done during the trip to the other side of the island.

Giselda and Junius sighed with relief as Salvator concluded.

“The dogs were just splendid!” said Junius. “But I thought there would be some fairies in the grotto,” he grumbled.

“Shall I tell you a fairy story?” asked Salvator.

“Oh, please do!” cried Junius and Giselda.

Salvator turned to the Doctor, saying, "With your permission I shall now begin."

ANOTHER STORY

The beautiful country of Omuncoli, on which the treasures of nature were bountifully showered, was once ruled over by King Double. He was given that name because he had two mouths, two noses, and three eyes.

King Double was a very large man and, when he rode through the streets of his capital wearing the royal cloak and with the kingly crown on his head, he inspired the greatest respect and loyalty in the proudest and most powerful princes of his kingdom.

Although he was immensely rich and much loved by his subjects, he was not happy. Every time he looked at himself in the beautiful mirror that covered one whole wall of his bedchamber, he felt very sad. This sadness, however, was not, as you would think, because he was different in appearance from other men. He grieved over the remembrance of an event that had saddened the first years of his reign.

In his youth he was called, not King Double but King Prestante, because of his great quickness in both mind and body. At the age of

eighteen he was the most handsome youth in his father's kingdom and, because this gift of beauty was united to a heart of gold and to a generous and loyal character, he was admired by all.

Many young princesses, the richest, the noblest and the most beautiful in the neighboring kingdoms, were eager to share his throne; but he had then no thought of marriage. He cared only for his future career. He wished to become a great and good king and to bring under his wise rule certain neighboring people that suffered under cruel rulers.

As soon as he was crowned, he set to work at once to do good to others. At first everything prospered according to his wishes. The wicked kings and princes submitted whether they wished to or not, and thousands of happy subjects were added to those already in his own kingdom.

But soon misfortune befell King Prestante, bringing sorrow and desolation to all his kingdom. Furibondo, a wicked and misshapen man, who was the king of a country at no great distance, prepared to invade the kingdom of Prestante with a large army.

King Prestante lost no time in organizing his faithful and courageous subjects into a great army, which moved immediately against the

enemy, challenging him to battle. In the great conflict that followed, Furibondo the Cruel came forth victorious, King Prestante being taken prisoner and made a slave.

One night, as he was about to fall asleep in his miserable hut, a bright light suddenly filled the room and an ugly old woman appeared before him.

“King Prestante,” she said, “I have come to offer you freedom.”

King Prestante was overjoyed, and was about to embrace the old woman as a sign of gratitude, when she raised her hand.

“I shall restore your freedom, but on one condition,” she said.

“Speak, my good dame,” replied the happy king, “and if your condition is not contrary to the principles of honor, I shall gladly do as you wish.”

“I shall grant you your liberty on condition that you marry me.”

King Prestante gazed at the old woman in amazement.

“Marry you!” he exclaimed. “But you are an old woman, and I know nothing about you!”

“Then you refuse to marry me?” asked the old woman, angrily.

“Yes, I do refuse,” answered King Prestante, firmly.

"Do you then prefer to remain a prisoner for life?"

"Yes; rather than marry you!" he replied.

"Are you not afraid to refuse one who has power enough to set you free?" she exclaimed in a threatening tone.

"No, I do not fear you," he answered calmly.

"Think, King Prestante!" she exclaimed. "Once you are free you can regain the throne of your fathers; you can again become lord and master of the lands that King Furibondo has taken from you."

"That makes no difference. I do not want to marry you," replied the king.

"Very well, then. Since you do not want to marry me, I shall change your appearance so that no one will ever want to marry you!"

And the ferocious old woman, waving her hands before King Prestante's face, exclaimed, "By the powers of Avernus, let this man's face be made so repulsive that no one will look at him."

The young king, brave though he was, felt his blood run cold and he could scarcely breathe.

"Behold! it is done," cried the witch, after a moment's silence. "No one will ever take you for a husband. Look at yourself," she added, thrusting a mirror into his hands.

Grasping the mirror, the king gave one look, and then dropped it in horror at what he had seen.

“Where can I hide myself!” he cried. “How can I show myself in the light of day! Cruel woman, what have I ever done to deserve this misfortune at your hands?”

But the wicked old woman only laughed at his misery.

“No one disobeys me without paying dearly for doing so. I now have the honor to wish you pleasant dreams,” she added, mockingly, as she disappeared.

King Prestante fell senseless to the floor. When he recovered his senses he found himself in bed in his own palace. Everything was just as it had been before the war, except his face. His faithful servants were about him, but they were sorrowful and avoided looking at him as much as possible. He was free and once more a king, but his mirror showed him at what a price!

As the years came and went, he became more reconciled to his misfortune, which he never allowed to interfere with his duties to his people. His first care was to restore his people to prosperity and happiness. He then reorganized the

army, which King Furibondo and his soldiers had so thoroughly defeated.

His life was comparatively happy, for he had little time to grieve over his ugly face. His one great grief was that no queen shared his throne and that he had no son who would reign after his death. He was so sure that no one would care to marry him that he had never asked anyone to do so.

One morning, however, a most unexpected thing happened. One of the court ladies presented herself before the king, who was now called King Double, and said,

"Your majesty, it is said that you wish very much for a queen, but that you fear to ask any of the ladies of your court. I wish to say that I will cheerfully share your throne and be your queen."

King Double was so surprised that for a few minutes he could not speak.

"But my queen must love me," he said at length. "How can you love me when you look at this hideous face I carry?" he asked.

"Beauty of face is only skin deep, your majesty," she replied. "I love you because you are good, loyal, generous and brave."

"If that is true," said King Double, "you shall

be my queen, and I shall do my best to make you a happy one."

Soon after this, King Double was married to the court lady, amid the rejoicing of his people.

In the course of time a little daughter was born to them, but alas! this unfortunate little princess was found to be just as ugly as her father.

At first the king and the queen were very unhappy about their little daughter, but in the course of time they forgot their grief, hoping that, as the king had found a wife, so the princess would find a husband.

At the age of eighteen the princess, who had been given the name of Goldmouth because of her pleasant speech, was very charming in spite of her peculiar face. Besides a love for music and the other arts, she took great pleasure in all kinds of exercise, especially in horseback riding, swimming, and hunting. But though she had many attractive qualities both of mind and heart, nobody wanted her for a wife.

Soon after her eighteenth birthday, it happened that Princess Goldmouth found herself alone in the forest while hunting the wild boar. As she rode along, a large wolf came running toward her howling piteously, as though in great pain. She

could easily have killed the animal, but being moved to pity she observed it carefully. She soon found that it was severely wounded by the shot of an inexperienced hunter.

The Princess permitted the wolf to follow her to the palace, where she placed him in the care of the royal veterinary surgeon. In a few days the wolf was nearly well, thanks to this doctor's skill and to the gentle care of the princess.

One morning, when the wolf had almost entirely recovered, Princess Goldmouth, by accident, saw herself in a mirror — something that had not happened since her childhood.

"I had almost forgotten how ugly I am!" she exclaimed, weeping. "Unhappy me! No one will ever want to marry me!"

Just then a cold nose rubbed against her hand. She looked up, and there was the wolf, licking her fingers like a dog with his warm red tongue, and looking gratefully at her with his mournful brown eyes.

"My good wolf," she said, patting his head, "I wonder, if you were a handsome young prince, whether you would like me so much. You do not seem to mind looking at me."

The wolf put his front paws on her lap and then, to her great surprise, he said:

“If I were a handsome young prince, instead of a poor wounded wolf, would you marry me?”

The princess looked with astonishment at the wolf, saying,

“Who ever heard of a wolf talking?”

“I am not a wolf,” he replied, “but King Manfred, changed into this form by the hatred of a wicked magician. When you patted my head so kindly you partly broke the spell. If you will now stroke my head the wrong way of the fur, I shall be restored to my natural form.”

Princess Goldmouth at once did as the wolf requested, and almost instantly the wolf dropped his rough skin and King Manfred stood before her, handsome and smiling.

“Now, will you marry me?” he cried, dropping on one knee before her.

“But do you not understand?” cried the princess. “Don’t you see that I have three eyes, two noses, and two mouths?”

“You are mistaken, dear princess,” he said. “Look again in the mirror.”

Princess Goldmouth did so and there, smiling back at her from the mirror, was the most beautiful young woman she had ever seen!

Almost beside herself with joy, she hastened in search of her parents. But who can describe her

delight, when she found that her father's deformity had suddenly disappeared also.

The marriage of King Manfred and Princess Goldmouth was shortly afterwards celebrated and . . .

"They lived happy ever after?" asked Junius.

"Exactly," said Salvator, laughing; "just as we shall after we move to the new camp. And now, since we must rise early to-morrow I think with Doctor Paul that we should all go to bed."

An hour later all were sleeping soundly in their tents. The only guard was Fido, for even Spot and Fox were asleep.

CHAPTER XIII

LIFE IN THE NEW CAMP

The next morning everyone in the camp rose very early and, just as soon as breakfast was over, they began their preparations to leave camp.

While Madame Paul, Selena, and Giselda were packing the clothing, dishes, and cooking utensils so that they could be put in the boat, Doctor Paul, Salvator, and Cyrus made half a dozen trips to the *Tirreno*, bringing back large quantities of provisions and other useful stores.

On going aboard the ship they were surprised to find the cow not only alive, but her condition so much improved that Salvator suggested that they give her a chance to get ashore. This they did by lowering the cow from the deck into the sea by a strong rope and the ship's windlass, just before they were ready to leave with the last boat load of provisions. The cow, swimming steadily, followed the boat to land, where, after scrambling on shore, it limped to the clearing and began cropping the grass as though nothing had happened.

There was a good breeze blowing toward the shore, all that day, so that by hoisting their sail, they did not need to row on the trips back from the *Tirreno*. This saved them a good deal of time and work. Before dark, everything was ready for the start by daybreak next morning.

To Salvator's delight the wind was still blowing when he rose next morning. "With this wind in our sail," he said to Cyrus, "we shall be able to take the first boat load to the new camp and return for Doctor and Madame Paul and the children before noon."

Within an hour Salvator and Cyrus had started, accompanied by Selena and Junius, carrying, in addition to the two tents, the bedding, and some kitchen supplies.

By ten o'clock they had reached the little bay at the other side of the island and had safely landed everything that was in the boat.

"Now, Cyrus, my boy," said Salvator, "you must stay here with Selena and Junius, while I return for the rest of the family and whatever else I can get into the boat. While I am gone, you three must work as hard as you can to put up the tents and arrange the beds for to-night. And, Selena, be sure to have dinner ready for us when we come back, for we shall all be very hungry."

Junius can help you by gathering wood for the fire and bringing water from the spring."

"All right, Salvator, we'll all do our best," said Cyrus.

Salvator then returned to the old camp, rowing part of the way and sailing the rest.

Upon his arrival he found that Doctor and Madame Paul with Giselda and baby Marie were all ready, waiting for him. Doctor Paul had watered and fed the animals, giving them the last of the water brought from the *Tirreno*, so that they would be all right until they could be taken, later, to the new camp.

When everybody was safely in the boat and all the bundles and provisions which could be carried had been put aboard, the boat was headed again for the new camp. Salvator and Doctor Paul took turns rowing and steering and, with the help of the wind in their one sail, they reached the new camp before three o'clock.

Cyrus and Selena had done much during Salvator's absence. The two tents had been set up and the beds arranged for the night. A fire had been made, for which Junius had collected a large pile of wood, and on a white cloth spread on the grass a hearty lunch of fried fish, bread, and coffee was waiting for them.

"Well done," said Salvator to Cyrus. "I see that you and Selena and Junius have not been idle."

"Do let us eat," said Madame Paul, "I am so hungry, and that fish smells delicious!"

"Where did you get the fish?" inquired Doctor Paul, as they sat down.

"From the beach, sir," said Selena. "There were thousands of them jumping and squirming on the sand."

"Just where we saw so many two days ago, Salvator," said Cyrus.

"Well, Madame Paul, how do you like your new camp?" inquired Salvator, after a few mouthfuls.

"I think it is the most beautiful spot I ever saw," she replied.

"Just wait, mother, until we have built our house and dug our turtle pond," said Cyrus, laughing.

"And just think, mother, there are whole groves of banana trees, just back of the camp!" cried Junius, who was very fond of this fruit.

After they had finished eating, Madame Paul went with Cyrus and Selena to see the pool in the grotto, while Doctor Paul and Salvator made some repairs to their boat, which still had to

carry many heavy loads from the old camp. And while they worked, they talked over their plans for the future.

They both agreed that they should proceed at once to build a substantial house and a shelter for the animals, and that they would surround both by a high palisade, strong enough to resist attack.

They decided also to make an inventory of all their belongings, as soon as everything had been brought from the old camp, so that they would know just where they stood.

Fortunately, there was an abundance of food, apart from what they could raise themselves. The sea was rich in fish; turtles, following Salvatore's plan, were easy to capture; and game abounded in the woods. Moreover, wood for fuel and building was all about them and, best of all, there was plenty of sweet fresh water.

"I tell you, we are in luck!" said Doctor Paul that night when, work ended for the day, they sat looking at the sunset after supper.

"I think we are," said Madame Paul. "Already I am so much better and stronger that I feel like another person. I am no longer nervous and afraid, and I believe that we can live here very comfortably until the good God sends a ship to take us all back to Italy."

"I would rather live here than in Italy," said Junius. "I have much more fun, here."

"Well, Junius," said Doctor Paul, laughing, "as you will probably not see Italy again for some time, you needn't worry. . . . Meanwhile it is time for everybody to go to bed." So after the usual evening prayers, they all retired with contented hearts.

The next fifteen days were very busy ones. During this time, the rest of their belongings, and all the animals, including the cow, were brought from the old camp, the house was built, and a good shelter for the animals. They still had to make the palisade around the buildings.

The house had four rooms, — two large bedrooms, a kitchen for Selena, and a large living room. The roof was covered with sailcloth which Salvator had oiled to make it waterproof. On the top of the sailcloth was a thatch of palm leaves. Each room was well lighted and ventilated from a large window opening which, in rainy weather, could be closed with pieces of sailcloth, — as, of course, they had no glass.

The shed for the animals had been divided by partitions, so that the chickens, pigeons, pigs, sheep, and goats had their own clean and comfortable quarters. The cow, which had been

driven through the woods from the old camp, was killed for food, as she had stopped giving milk.

And now commenced for the shipwrecked family a regular and fairly contented life, except for the fact that on a foreign shore, even in the midst of abundance and comfort, one always longs for the fatherland.

In the mornings, the men hunted in the neighboring forest, or fished. They also took turns in cultivating the field of corn and the garden near the house, in which they had already planted several kinds of vegetables and herbs. Madame Paul, who was now in the best of health, took charge of the house with the help of Selena and Giselda. Junius had charge of the chickens, besides helping Cyrus to care for the larger animals.

After the midday meal, Doctor Paul instructed the children in reading, arithmetic, geography, and writing. In addition, during the walks they took, the children learned a great deal about the flowers and animals and other things to be seen on the island. The evenings were spent in reading aloud from one of their few books, or in listening to the wonderful stories told by Salvator. As they had very few candles, they all went to

bed soon after sunset. Bedtime was always preceded by prayers.

One morning soon after sunrise, Cyrus and Salvator started out hunting.

They had reached the top of the hill back of the camp, when Salvator, who had been looking seaward, turned suddenly, saying:

“Hand me the spyglass, Cyrus.”

“Here it is,” replied Cyrus, pulling it out of his pocket. “Do you see anything unusual?”

“Yes,” replied Salvator. “Look yonder toward the east,” he added, handing the glass to Cyrus, and at the same time pointing to a black spot on the horizon that seemed to be growing larger.

“It is a canoe!” exclaimed Cyrus, “and it is headed this way,” he added.

“I do not think it will ever get here,” said Salvator, following it with his eyes.

“Why not?”

“Because it is headed straight for yonder reef, and with this strong wind it will surely be dashed against the rocks. Let us hasten down to the point,” he added. “We may be of some use.”

When they reached the point, they could plainly see the two occupants of the canoe, which was now rapidly approaching in the direction of the point. They were of a dark brown color,

and very short. They handled the canoe with great ability. Skillfully avoiding the rocky reef, they advanced rapidly to the land. A minute or two later, the canoe grated on the beach and the two rowers fell exhausted in the bottom of the boat.

“Let us pull the canoe up on the beach, Cyrus, and then, while I try to revive the rowers, you run to the cabin for your father,” said Salvator.

Cyrus returned in a few minutes, accompanied by his father. They found Salvator apparently much disturbed over the rowers, who were young women about twenty years old, evidently belonging to a tribe of savage dwarfs.

The two young savages, who quickly revived under Doctor Paul’s treatment, were then led to the house, where Madame Paul and Selena received them with every possible kindness.

“Where shall we put them?” inquired Cyrus.

“I really don’t know,” said Doctor Paul.

“Let us put them in the storehouse,” suggested Cyrus.

Just a few days before, Salvator, aided by Cyrus, had finished building a small storehouse in which they had placed all the articles from the *Tirreno* which were not already in use.

“That is a good idea,” said Doctor Paul.

The young dwarfs were of a mild, docile disposition. In spite of the fact that they could not understand what was said to them, they tried to make themselves useful, and Junius, who seldom left them, tried to teach them some words of Italian.

A couple of weeks passed in this manner, the settlers, save for their watchfulness over the dwarfs, being occupied in their usual pursuits.

One morning, as Salvator was walking along the beach, he noticed that the canoe was not in its usual place. Who could have moved it?

A suspicion suddenly flashed across his mind and, looking out to sea, he saw the canoe fast receding from the shore.

“How stupid I was not to destroy their canoe!” he exclaimed aloud.

Running back to the storehouse, he found that not only had the dwarfs escaped with the canoe, but that they had taken with them many useful articles.

Seeing that Salvator was much disturbed over the flight of the dwarfs, Cyrus asked, “Why are you so sorry that the dwarfs have left us? I should think you would be glad, for mother said they were of very little use to her and Selena. And then, they ate so much!” he added.

“The question, Cyrus, is not about their being useful to us, but what effect their return will have among their own tribe when they see the fine iron tools and other things which the two women carried with them. They will learn that we are here on the island, that we have many useful articles, and that our camp is guarded by only two grown men. I feel very sure that before long the fighting men of that tribe will come in great numbers to attack us.”

“Suppose they do attack us,” said Cyrus. “How could such little fellows harm us?”

“Size has very little to do with the matter,” said Salvator, gravely. “Remember what your father told Junius and Giselda the other day about disease germs, which are so small that they can hardly be seen with the microscope, and which, nevertheless, do the greatest harm in the world. I am afraid these ‘little fellows’ will swarm here in such hordes, armed with spears and bows and arrows, that we shall hardly be able to hold our own. I greatly fear that the old stories of the dwarf warriors will prove to be true.”

Returning to the camp, they told Doctor Paul what had happened and of the threatened danger. But, following his advice, they did not tell the rest of the family.

“Even though we can not hide the escape of the two dwarfs, there is no need to let them know that we fear an attack,” said Dr. Paul.

Meanwhile, they at once took steps to prepare for the worst. They began by strengthening the palisade, and then, at Salvator’s suggestion, they built a second palisade some distance outside of the first. When, in little more than a month, the second palisade was finished, they felt much safer. A few days after, however, they were startled by an unexpected event that might easily have had fatal consequences.

One afternoon it was suddenly noticed that Junius was missing from the camp. To the anxious questioning of his mother, Cyrus could only reply that no one had seen Junius since noon.

“Where can he be?” cried Madame Paul, in alarm.

“He cannot be far away,” said Cyrus. “I shall go at once in search of him. Now don’t worry, mother,” he added, as he started for the beach.

Halfway to the water Cyrus heard a scream from Selena, who had gone to the beach a few minutes ahead of him.

“Look, look!” she cried, as Cyrus joined her. “Look where Junius is!” She pointed seaward,

and there was Junius, crouching in terror at the bottom of the boat, which was slowly drifting out to sea.

Cyrus shouted loudly for Salvator, who with Doctor Paul at his heels rushed to the beach, where the rest soon followed him. Cyrus had already taken off his shoes and jacket and was about to plunge into the sea, when Salvator brushed him aside and, without removing his clothes, started after Junius, swimming with long, steady strokes.

"Keep Cyrus on shore," he shouted, as he plunged into the water. "I know the sea better than any of you, and if anything can be done, I am the one to do it. Let no one follow me."

The frantic mother, Selena, and Giselda knelt on the sand, sobbing and praying, while Doctor Paul held Cyrus, who was struggling to go to his brother's aid.

"You need not hold me, father," said Cyrus, at last. "I will obey Salvator and remain here quietly. But if our good old friend should perish because of his devotion to us, how we shall all suffer!"

"Salvator is right, Cyrus," answered his father. "He is one of the best swimmers in existence, and if anything can be done, he is indeed the one who can do it."

"The sharks! Look, Doctor! Look! There are two — three — four!" shrieked Selena.

"Oh! May the good God protect him!" murmured Madame Paul, still on her knees.

"God will protect him, Adelaide," said Doctor Paul. "See! He is only a few yards from the boat! Now he grasps the side! He is half out of the water! Now he makes a spring! Thank God! He is in the boat at last," he added joyfully.

"They are saved! They are saved!" cried Madame Paul, who had watched every move.

Doctor Paul, knowing that both Salvator and Junius were not yet out of danger, made no reply.

As soon as he had climbed into the boat, Salvator, who knew that some man-eating sharks would not hesitate to attack a small boat, took the oars and began to work his way out of the reefs, which were numerous and jagged.

The task was difficult, especially as water was coming into the boat, it having already been pierced by the point of one of the rocks. Stopping for a moment, Salvator plugged the hole with his neckerchief and scooped out most of the water with his two hands. Junius, too terrified to move, looked at him without saying a word.



" . . . HE IS HALF OUT OF THE WATER! . . . "

The boat having been bailed out, Salvator again took the oars and pulled rapidly for shore. The perspiration stood in big drops on his forehead, and his face, usually so ruddy and smiling, was pale and serious. He, better than anyone else, understood the danger. A single movement of Junius, a false stroke of the oars, a little more water in the boat, which was still leaking, and they would be in the midst of the sharks which were still all about them.

As he rowed, he splashed the water as much as he could, shouting to those on shore to throw stones into the water to frighten away the sharks nearest the shore.

Apparently this plan was successful, as the splashing caused them to turn away from the shore. Seeing this, Salvator threw himself out of the boat, which was now nearly half full of water, and with the rope between his teeth, swam the short distance still remaining, reaching the shore just as the boat was about to sink. Junius was saved!

When the child's terror had somewhat abated, he was asked why he had gone to sea in the boat.

"I wanted to go around the island to the other side, to get some cocoanuts from the old

camp," he sobbed. "I was sure that I could get back in time for dinner without anyone knowing."

"I hope you see, my dear Junius, that your trip would not have turned out just that way," said his father sternly. "You may thank Heaven and our good Salvator that you are again with us, safe and sound. If help had come a few minutes later you would either have made a fine dinner for some of the sharks, or you would have been carried out to sea. Let this be a lesson to you," he added.

At these words Junius threw himself into his mother's arms and promised faithfully that he would never, never be disobedient again. He followed the others into the house and, after a good plate of soup instead of the cocoanuts for which he had stupidly risked his life, both he and Salvator were none the worse of their perilous adventure.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ENEMY APPEARS IN FORCE

Several days later, Salvator and Cyrus started at dawn on a fishing trip.

As Salvator was pushing the boat into the water, he noticed a number of black spots far out at sea which caused him to straighten up quickly and look fixedly into the distance.

"What are you looking at, Salvator?" asked Cyrus.

"Those black specks on the horizon," answered Salvator. "Don't you see them, Cyrus?"

"I can't see anything unusual. You must be mistaken, Salvator."

"I am not mistaken," said Salvator, "and —"

"And what?" interrupted Cyrus.

"*Danger*," said Salvator, "which, although still many miles away, is approaching rapidly."

"*Danger*," echoed Cyrus. "Do you mean the savages?"

"I am afraid so," was the answer. "Let me have the spyglass. . . . There is no doubt of

it; look for yourself," he concluded, handing the glass back to Cyrus.

At that moment the sun rose above the mists of early morning.

"Yes," answered Cyrus. "I can see that your 'black specks' are canoes and that there are about twenty of them."

The boy spoke calmly and did not betray the anxiety he felt.

"How many men do you suppose there are in each canoe?" he asked.

"Ten at least, and not more than fifteen at the most, I should say," replied the old sailor.

"Then, if we say twelve in each, that would mean about two hundred and forty: quite an army."

"And they may be only an advance guard," said Salvator.

"An advance guard!" exclaimed Cyrus.

"Yes. These twenty canoes may be only the advance guard of a much larger army. We shall soon see, however. Fortunately our two palisades will enable us to hold out for many weeks. Meanwhile," he continued, talking more to himself than to Cyrus, "since the danger comes from the sea, so from the sea may come relief, — if any *is* to come." Then after a pause

he continued, "The savages are very skillful in making fire and they will probably try to burn our palisade. But we must not allow them to come near enough to do that."

"Do you think they belong to the same tribe as our two escaped prisoners?" asked Cyrus.

"Exactly," said Salvator. "Those two young dwarfs told the rest of the tribe all about us."

By this time they had returned to the camp—pulling the boat between them. As soon as they had got it inside the first palisade, they fastened the gate securely and went on into the house. Salvator immediately found Doctor Paul, to whom he told the unpleasant news.

"Let us call the rest of the family," said Doctor Paul, "and decide just what we will do to resist the attack."

Soon Madame Paul and Selena, pale and frightened, with Junius and Giselda, were seated at the table.

"Now let us all be as brave as possible," said Doctor Paul, as he finished telling them of the threatened danger. "It will be a terrible fight, but with God's help we shall be victorious, if we each do our part."

"You are right, Doctor," said Salvator. "The

fight will be a terrible one, but I am certain the victory will be ours. At the worst, we can hold the savages at bay for a long time, and if we should at last be compelled to yield, we shall all die defending ourselves."

"Cheer up," said Cyrus, speaking for the first time. "We three men, with Selena — who is almost as strong as a man, and quite as brave — will take care of all the savages, no matter how many there are. Don't forget that we have six guns and plenty of ammunition, while the savages have none."

"Bravo, my boy," said Salvator: "that is the spirit I like to see."

"And do you believe, Salvator," asked the Doctor's wife, pale and trembling with emotion, "that the savages will come in such great numbers?"

"Alas, Madame! I fear they will. But let us not despair. The good God never abandoned those who put their trust in Him."

"Should it come to the worst, Salvator," implored the good lady, "I beg of you not to let us fall alive into the hands of the cannibals."

"For the present there is no question of dying or of being devoured by cannibals, but of de-

fending ourselves. I would not be surprised if the savages returned to their islands thoroughly frightened after they hear our gun-fire," said Doctor Paul.

"God grant it may turn out so!" exclaimed Madame Paul. "At any rate, you may count on me and on Selena, also, to load the guns and to help you in every possible way."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Salvator. "Now let us all prepare to give the enemy a warm reception."

First, they rolled a number of casks from the storehouse and placed them alongside the outer palisade. Upon these they placed a number of planks so as to form a kind of platform inside. By standing on this platform, those inside the palisade would be able to fire into the attacking party without themselves being exposed to danger.

Cyrus, Giselda, and Selena drove within the palisade all the chickens and other animals that were outside. They also brought several loads of corn and vegetables from the field and garden. There was a good spring of water inside the palisade, just behind the house, and, as the storehouse was well stocked, they had food enough to last many weeks.

"Fine!" said Salvator, when he saw what the young folks had accomplished.

From time to time, Madame Paul went out to look seaward. Returning from one of these trips, she reported that the canoes were then not more than a mile or two from shore.

"Then," said Doctor Paul, "it is time we all ate some food, for it may be some time before we can again stop to do so."

They ate in silence. Their minds were too busy to allow conversation.

When they had finished, Salvator and Cyrus climbed up to the roof to observe better the movements of the enemy, whose canoes were now rapidly nearing the shore.

"Let them come on," said Cyrus; "we are ready for them. Do you think they will discover our channel through the reefs into the bay?" he asked.

"They probably know that channel as well as we do," answered Salvator. "See!" he added. "The first canoe is entering now, without the least hesitation or delay. I should not be surprised if our two former visitors were in that canoe, acting as guides for the party."

"Very likely," said Cyrus, as he scanned the sea with his glasses. "But wait a moment,"

he added. "I see something in the distance that looks like a sail!"

"It probably belongs to one of the canoes that lagged behind and is now trying to catch up," said Salvator. "But let us get down from the roof at once."

CHAPTER XV

THE ATTACK

From the outer palisade Cyrus and Salvator watched the approach of the enemy through a sort of loophole, carefully concealed from outside view. From time to time they heard defiant shouts coming from the direction of the beach. They were the voices of the savages in the more advanced canoes who, filled with the desire to attack the inhabitants of the camp and secure their goods, were already landing.

"See," said Salvator, "the first canoe has touched shore. The enemy has begun to land. I feel certain that the two girls who ran away from us must be in the front ranks as guides, although I have not seen them as yet."

"I see them plainly," exclaimed Cyrus. "Look! There they are, one on either side of that dwarf, a little taller than the rest. Do you see him? The one whose head is covered with feathers," he added.

"I see him, and the women as well," said Salvator. . . . "But the vanguard stops. Ap-

parently they are consulting among themselves. That little monster with the plumes must be the leader, and the savages with whom he is speaking are probably warriors of the first rank, — members of the savage aristocracy,” continued Salvator. “The next division is composed of warriors of the second rank, and some distance behind come the slaves. See them gesticulate! And hear them yell! Now they have evidently decided on a plan! In a moment we shall hear their battle cry.”

“Why not greet their arrival with some musket shots?” suggested Cyrus.

“No, my boy,” replied the older man; “it is not for us to begin the bloodshed. We shall not fire at them until they discharge their arrows at us.”

“But suppose they should retire without attacking us at all?” suggested Doctor Paul.

“No such luck as that,” said Salvator. “But I know a way to make them decide,” he added. As he spoke, he mounted the platform, so that the upper part of his body appeared above the palisade.

His appearance was greeted by a shout from the savages, followed immediately by a shower of arrows which struck the palisade just as Salvator dropped to the ground again.

"Now may we fire through the loopholes?" asked Cyrus, impatiently.

"Yes, my boy. But first let each of us select his target."

"I shall fire into the group on the left near the tallest cocoanut palm," said Cyrus, taking careful aim.

"Good! And I shall fire at the group near the opening of the path that leads to the corn-field," said Salvator, also taking aim.

But a shot preceded the shots of Cyrus and Salvator, and the leader of the savages, the one whose head was adorned with colored feathers, fell to earth like a log, struck full in the breast by a bullet from the Doctor's gun.

"Bravo, Doctor Paul! A fine shot!" cried Salvator. "You have begun splendidly. May we have as good aim," he added. Then, firing together, Cyrus and he brought down two more dwarfs.

The three continued to fire just as rapidly as Madame Paul and Selena could load the empty guns.

Giselda meanwhile was inside the house caring for Marie, while Junius contented himself with watching through a loophole the effects of the shooting.

After fifteen minutes of rapid shooting on both

sides, the savages, dismayed at their losses, retired to the beach in disorder, where their leaders collected in a group, apparently to parley. Their harsh voices could be distinctly heard inside the palisade, although nothing could be understood of what they were saying.

In order to watch the savages better, Salvator climbed up to the roof again, from which point he informed the others of what was going on.

"Our enemies are holding a council of war. The warriors are seated in a circle around their leaders, deliberating, while the slaves are preparing a meal. There must be at least two hundred warriors, altogether," he announced. "The shore of the island is black with them.

"I do not believe they will attack us again, to-day," he continued. "But we must watch their every movement. These savages are very daring and, in my opinion, this is not their first fight with civilized people. Let us keep well on our guard."

"I noticed, too," said Doctor Paul, "that they were not so terribly frightened by the report of our guns as I expected them to be. I rather think you are right, therefore, in believing that they have dealt with white people before."

"However that may be," said Salvator, "we

must think now of ourselves. As I said, I do not think the next assault will be made until tomorrow. They may, however, attempt to climb the palisade to-night. If one or two managed to get over in the darkness, they could easily open the gate to the others, and then it would be all up with us. I think, therefore, that as soon as it is dark, we should make a bonfire big enough to light up the whole enclosure between the two palisades. Then, by taking turns in watching from the roof, we can prevent a disagreeable surprise."

"But do you not think," said Doctor Paul, "that a bonfire will enable the savages to watch our movements while they themselves remain in shadow?"

"Undoubtedly it will," Salvator replied, "but of the two evils, the bonfire is the lesser, it seems to me. The most important thing for us to do is to prevent the enemy from getting inside the palisade. I am sure you agree with me in this, Doctor Paul," said Salvator, firmly.

"As usual, you are right, Salvator," he replied.

Cyrus, Junius, and Giselda at once proceeded to gather wood in readiness for the bonfire, while Salvator and Doctor Paul alternately kept watch on the roof. Madame Paul and Selena, mean-

while, prepared a substantial meal of which they all partook, Cyrus relieving the watcher on the roof so that he, also, could eat.

Shortly before sunset a series of blood-curdling yells from the savages prepared them for a new assault.

Salvator immediately lighted the bonfire and, accompanied by Doctor Paul, repaired to the loopholes in the palisade. But whatever the reason, the expected attack was not made, Cyrus announcing from the roof, a little later, that the savages had again retired to the beach.

That evening they all ate in silence and, though each one strove to appear calm and brave, it was plain that all were much distressed in mind. How long would they be able to resist? For what help could they hope, and whence was it to come? And in case of defeat, what sort of treatment awaited them? These questions were in the mind of each.

Salvator made several attempts to change the current of anxious thought that occupied the minds of all. But he did not succeed, for no one felt like talking.

The meal being ended, Salvator made arrangements for the night, which he divided into three watches. Cyrus was to mount guard on the

roof during the first watch, Doctor Paul, during the second, and Salvator himself would take charge of the last, which would be just before daybreak. Those who were not on guard were to get as much sleep as possible.

The night passed without any alarming incident. At dawn, Salvator, with the help of the spyglass, began to observe the movements of the enemy, who were already moving about the beach in great activity. Soon Salvator was joined by Cyrus.

"They are all on the move, already. The beach is swarming with them," he remarked, taking the glasses from Salvator. "But I can't imagine what the women are doing! Numbers of them are kneeling on the ground, shaking their heads from right to left, making strange gestures, and swaying their bodies with the same movement."

"They are mourning their dead," said Salvator, "according to the invariable custom of savage tribes the world over."

"But I do not see any bodies," said Cyrus.

"Without doubt they are in the canoes, ready to be taken back."

"I wonder when they will attack us again," said Cyrus.

“Before long, I’m afraid,” said Salvator. “The leaders seem to be disputing just now,” he added, “but in the end they will come to an agreement.”

Suddenly they heard a piercing shriek. Hastily descending, they found Selena half crazy with grief and alarm.

“What ails you?” demanded Salvator. “What has happened? Speak, for heaven’s sake!”

“Junius . . .” but she could not proceed for tears.

“Speak, Selena,” said Doctor Paul, grasping the shoulder of the weeping girl.

“Junius . . . has gone . . . outside the palisade!” she sobbed.

“But how? Are you sure of what you say?” exclaimed Salvator.

“Yes, I am sure,” she replied. “Much to my alarm I found the palisade door open, a few minutes ago. I immediately closed and fastened it. Then, looking through the loophole, I saw Junius going into the cocoanut grove. I called him, but he would not look back.”

“Oh, my poor Junius!” cried Madame Paul, who had been awakened by Selena’s scream. “What shall we do, now?” she sobbed.

For some minutes the mother wrung her hands in despair.

One can imagine the effect of this news upon all. Salvator was the first to recover his presence of mind.

"There is but one way to save Junius," he said.

"And that?" inquired the mother, trembling with anxiety.

"For me to go and search for him and to bring him back."

"I shall go," said Cyrus, firmly.

"No, no! I must go," said Selena. "I should have kept closer watch of him."

"Silence!" said Doctor Paul, quietly; "it rests with me this time to snatch that little scamp from the jaws of death."

"I cannot permit it," said Salvator, putting an end to this generous contest. "I, and I alone, will go. As soon as I go out, bar the palisade door and do not open it again until you hear either Junius's voice or mine. If I can slip out without being seen by the savages, I may return with Junius before they attack. I shall start at once. And may the Lord protect us all until we meet again."

And providing himself with a stout wooden club, Salvator immediately left the enclosure. . . .

Meanwhile, the savages made no signs of re-

newing the attack. Doctor Paul watched their every movement through a loophole, and Madame Paul, standing beside him, watched his face closely for news. In this way a long, anxious hour passed.

Suddenly they heard a shout of terror near by, followed by the confused sound of a desperate struggle. Thinking that he heard his brother's voice and without thinking of the rashness of his act, Cyrus immediately rushed outside the palisade where, at a little distance to the right, he saw Salvator and Junius engaged in a desperate struggle with a score or more of the dwarfs, several of whom were already stretched senseless on the ground.

Salvator with his heavy stick and Junius with his feet and hands — a combination of kicks and blows — were already getting the best of it, when the sudden appearance of Cyrus decided the battle. The brave lad, armed only with the unloaded gun he had seized as he left the house, rushed into the thick of the fight, dealing a series of heavy blows to right and left, wherever he could reach a head, an arm or a leg. He and Salvator looked like giants fighting a tribe of pigmies, and before many minutes had passed the dwarfs retired, completely beaten, carrying their wounded with them.



. . . HE SAW SALVATOR AND JUNIUS ENGAGED IN A
DESPERATE STRUGGLE . . .

“Let us get inside the palisade at once!” shouted Salvator. “There’s another swarm of them coming on the run!”

Fortunately the distance to the palisade door was short, and Salvator and his two companions gained it in a few seconds. As soon as they were inside, they closed and barricaded the entrance. Meanwhile, Doctor Paul had begun firing on the approaching savages, in which Cyrus and Salvator joined so effectively that within half an hour the enemy had again retired to the beach.

Calm being at last restored, Junius was stormed with questions. Everybody wanted to know why he had acted so foolishly.

“There were no more bananas in the house and, as I like them, I went into the woods to cut some more,” he answered, simply. “I expected to get back before the savages came up from the beach. And I got the finest bunch of bananas you ever saw! And to think I had to leave it outside the palisade,” he added, ruefully.

“But did you not know that, by your foolish and disobedient act of opening the palisade door, you were exposing yourself and all the rest of us to the risk of being killed and eaten by the cannibals?” said his father, sternly.

“I did not think of that,” said Junius, hanging his head. “Anyway,” he added, “I’m not afraid of the dwarfs.”

“Well, you may now go into the storehouse, by yourself, and think over what you have done,” said the Doctor. “I am ashamed of you, my boy, and I think you will be ashamed of yourself after you have reflected a while,” he added, as Junius with a most unwilling air started for the storehouse.

CHAPTER XVI

THE RESCUE

After the affair with Junius, the savages had withdrawn without making any further attempts against the besieged. Silence now reigned everywhere, — in the enemy's camp as well as behind the palisade.

Our friends were constantly on the watch, however, fearing that the attack would be renewed, as Salvator assured them that it was likely to be, at any moment.

Before long, the old sailor, who was at his usual post on the roof, noticed that great preparations were being made by the savages for a grand attack. The greater part of the warriors had been engaged for some time in gathering small dry fagots, which the rest of them heaped up on the beach as rapidly as possible. When a great number of these heaps had been made, the savages paused. Then, having bowed deeply to a huge pile of stones which had apparently been raised in honor of their dead, the dwarfs

started for the palisade, each carrying a bundle of the dry sticks on his shoulder.

Salvator, seeing these movements, was convinced that the dwarfs meant to set fire to the palisade and so burn them out.

"Now, what are they going to do?" asked Doctor Paul, as he joined Salvator.

"The captains are once more debating, howling and shouting," said Salvator, "but I fear that they intend to burn us out. We shall soon see."

"They evidently intend to surround the outer palisade," said Doctor Paul. "We cannot get to our guns too soon," he added, as they hastily scrambled down from the roof.

"Cyrus," said Salvator, on reaching the ground, "take up your post at the loophole facing the beach, and fire into the savages just as fast as Selena can reload for you. Meanwhile, you and I, Doctor, will do the same from loopholes facing the woods, in opposite directions. In this way we may do the enemy such damage that they will retire again in disorder. Madame Paul will reload for you and I will try to do my own reloading. . . . We certainly are in great danger. But, courage! Let us sell our lives as dearly as possible," he added, to himself, as each took his appointed place.

But scarcely had they fired their first round, when, at several different points, flames were seen rising above the palisade. The dwarfs had lighted the fagots, and the work of destruction planned during the night had begun.

In a few moments, the besieged were obliged to retreat inside the inner palisade, and they had barely closed and barricaded the entrance before the savages, yelling and screaming, were inside the burning palisade. But they were unable to remain there long on account of the flames. Meanwhile, our friends were pouring a deadly hail of bullets into the ranks of dwarfs from behind the inner palisade.

All at once, above the fierce clamor of the savages, the noise of firearms, and the crackling of the flames that were rapidly consuming the outer palisade, a still louder and more terrific noise was heard, followed immediately by the falling and crashing of a number of cocoanut palms near the beach.

Both the besieged and the besiegers stopped, in dismay, to listen. Again and again the tremendous *boom!* was heard, followed by the crashing of trees and, finally, by groans of pain and howls of terror from the savages.

Salvator, who had at once guessed what was

going on, took advantage of the confusion among the dwarfs to climb to the roof and take a look seaward.

“Hurrah!” he cried; “we are saved! What we hear are the guns of a ship which is anchored just outside the bay.”

“Thank God!” cried Madame Paul. “They have come to our relief just in time.”

“See!” cried Cyrus, who, with his father, had joined Salvator on the roof, “they are landing sailors in boats.”

“And look how the savages are rushing to their canoes,” said Doctor Paul. “Three canoes filled with savages are already halfway to the channel. Oh! A cannon shot has sunk them all! Another boat loaded with sailors has just been lowered from the ship, and still another is being got ready,” he added, joyfully.

“The savages fly. They are all now in their nut-shell canoes slipping like lizards between the rocks. Another crash! What a fine shot!” cried Cyrus. “Hurrah! Hurrah! We are saved!” he added, as they descended from the roof to give the good news to the others.

The fire in the palisade, not having been fed, had now died down. There was not a single savage to be seen as Salvator, Doctor Paul, and

Cyrus stepped outside, and there was not one left on the island by the time the sailors, marching with firm step, reached the camp. And, wonders of wonders, there was Captain Sturla marching at their head!

A few minutes later, Doctor Paul and his children fell into the arms of that good old friend. Salvator could not believe his eyes.

"Yes, yes, my good Salvator," cried the Captain. "It is indeed I, safe and sound."

"But, my Captain, this is like a miracle," stammered the old boatswain. "Tell us, please, how you were ever able to find us on this remote island."

"I will tell you," said the Captain, seating himself beside Madame Paul, who was weeping with joy. "I regained consciousness on the morning after my sailors took me away. Two days later a ship appeared, which came to our assistance as soon as we were seen."

"We left the ship two weeks later in Van Diemen's Land, a land blessed by God with rich vegetation and a healthful climate. There some friends took me to their small farm, where I stayed until I had fully recovered from the effects of the blow, and later, until I could find a vessel free to search for you."

“By unexpected good fortune, a brig belonging to the owners of the *Tirreno* put into our bay badly in need of repairs, having weathered the same storms that shipwrecked our vessel. The captain and the second in command had both been lost overboard, and the crew, many of whom had sailed under me before, were only too glad to have me take command. They knew, too, that the owners would approve of my doing so. After making the necessary repairs, we set sail and . . . here I am,” he concluded, smiling broadly.

“But tell me how on earth you were able not only to find us, but to find us at just the right time!” exclaimed the wondering Salvator.

“That is easily explained,” was the reply. “A few days ago, while sailing near a group of islands not very far from here, I observed a great number of canoes setting out. Approaching nearer, I saw that it was a most warlike expedition. My crew wanted to see the fight, thinking it was a war among the natives themselves, and so we followed the expedition at some distance. Later, hearing musket shots and suspecting that white people were in trouble, we came in as near as we could. As soon as I saw what was going on, I gave the order to train the

guns on the landing place and to fire. The rest you know," he concluded, beaming. . . .

Two days later, Captain Sturla's brig was again on the high seas bound for Australia, this time carrying as passengers the devoted family which had so nearly fallen into the hands of the cannibal dwarfs.

From the deck, Doctor Paul, his wife and children, Salvator and Selena surveyed for the last time the island on which they had worked and prayed and hoped, and which they were now leaving with something like regret.

"Who knows," murmured Madame Paul, "what lies before us? If it had not been for the savages, I could have been quite happy on the island," she added.

"We certainly shall never again own a coral island," said her husband, smiling.

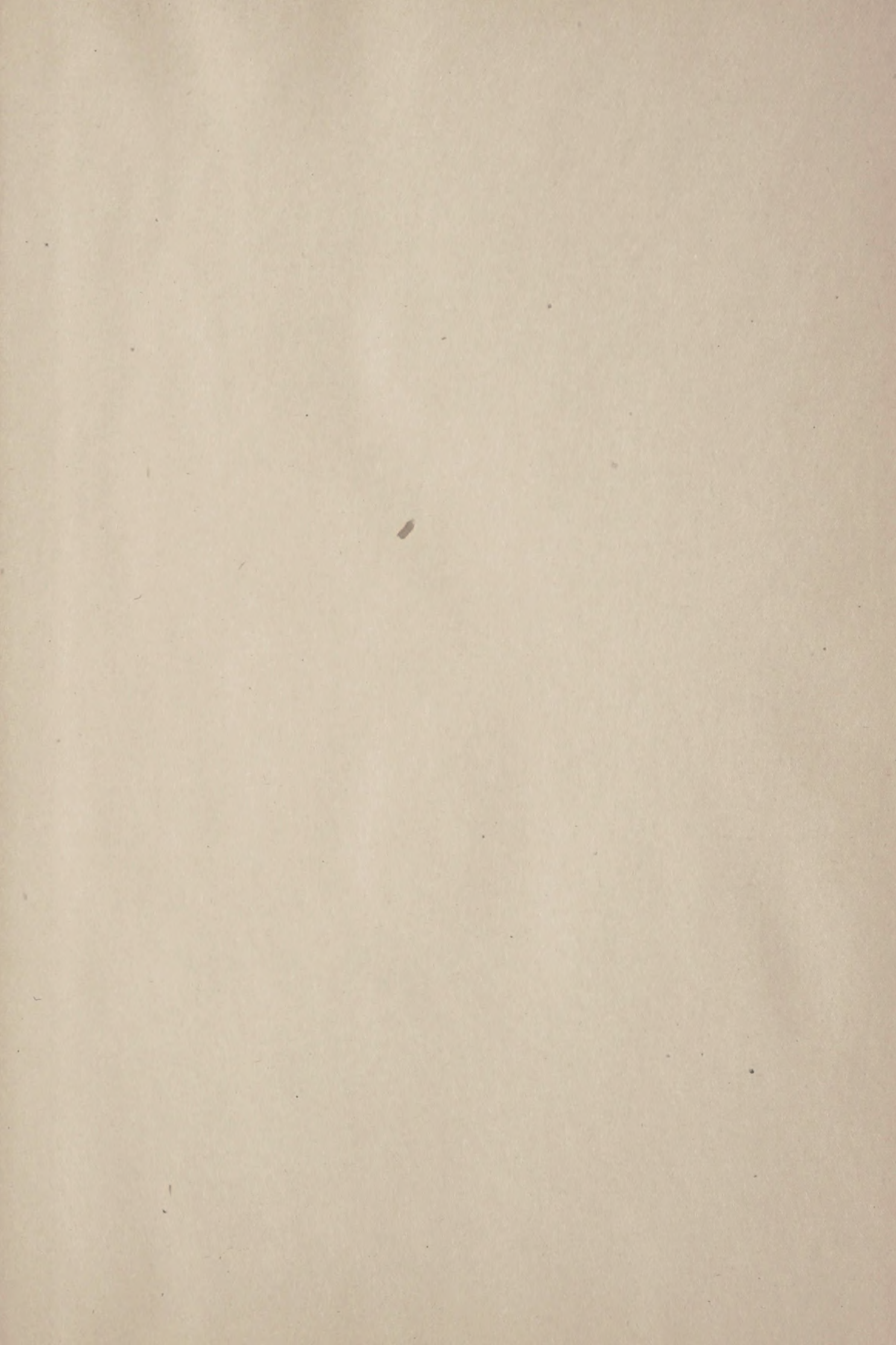
"Nor a place where such delicious fruits grow," sighed Junius.

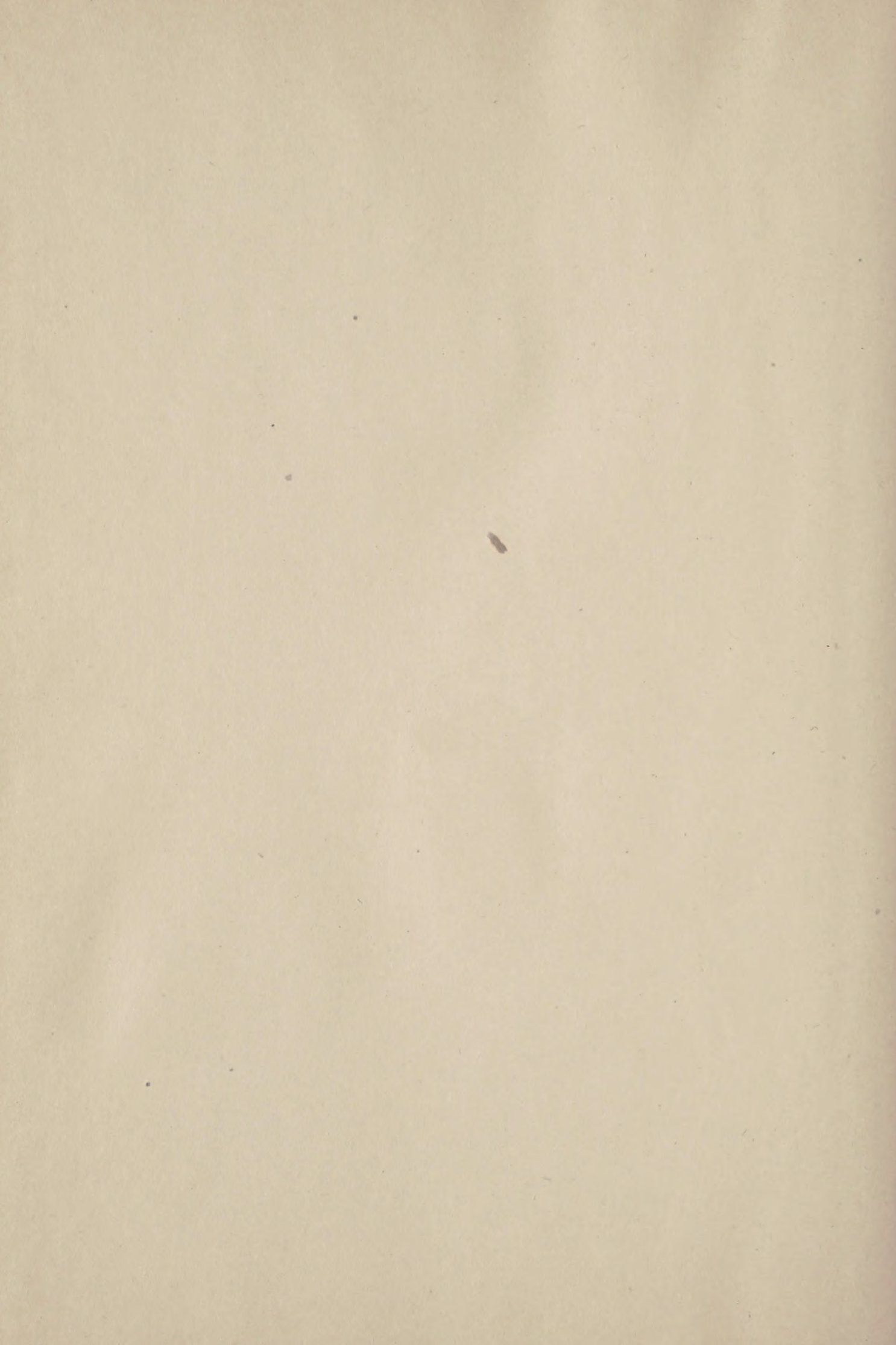
"We shall never find a land more rich and productive," said Salvator. "But man was not created to live apart from the rest of humanity. We each have our mission to accomplish, our place to fill. Let us thank God who, after we had been cast away in the midst of the ocean, is now restoring us to the world again."

With waving handkerchiefs they bade a last farewell to the island, which soon disappeared in the distance.

Less than a month later the castaways landed safely in Australia, where happiness and prosperity awaited them.

Soon afterward, Salvator shipped with Captain Sturla for another voyage, but not before relating many more of his wonderful stories for Junius's benefit. None of them, however, were more wonderful, to Junius's mind, than the story you have just finished reading.





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